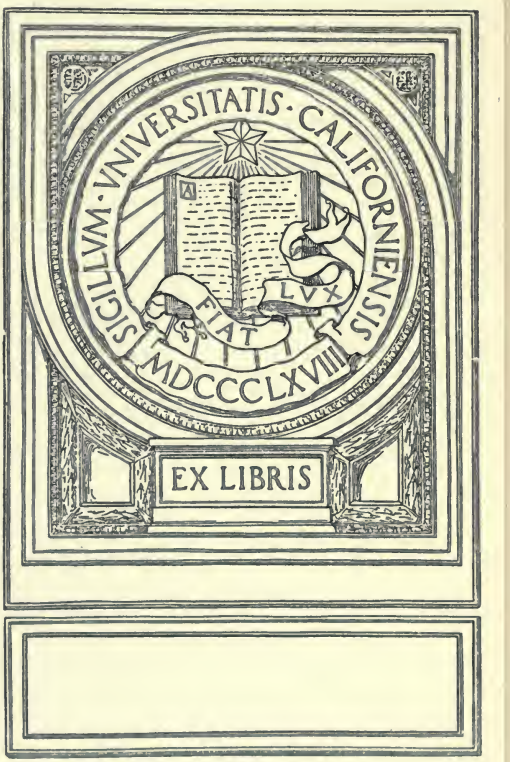
THE TRAGEDY OF MAN

IMRE MADÁCH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THE TRAGEDY OF MAN

Dramatic Poem

BY

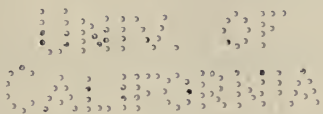
IMRE MADÁCH

Translated from the original Hungarian

BY

WILLIAM N. LOEW

Of the New York Bar



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DEDICATION.

TO

Dr. Antal Eugene,
Bárd Imre,
Berko D. Géza,
Rev. Csekes Béla,
Erényi Ervin,
Fecsó Imre,
Rev. Hámborszky N.,
Rev. Hankó Julius,
Rev. Harsányi Stephen,
Kemény George,
Kohányi Tihamér E.,
Rev. Kovács Coloman,
Rev. Kuthy Zoltán,
Rev. Messerschmidt Géza,
Dr. Mogyorossy Arcadius,
Rev. Nánássy Louis,
Pesty Julius,
Rácz-Rónay Alexander,
Dr. Singer Michael,
Rev. Szepessy Julius,
Rev. Várlaky Alexander,
Warm William,

the editors of the
twenty-two Hungarian newspapers
in the U. S.
in grateful appreciation of their noble work in moulding the Magyars in America into loyal American citizenship, this book is respectfully dedicated.

M165808

INTRODUCTION.

In order fully to comprehend the tremendous difficulties attending the translation into English of a work like the present, it is necessary to understand that a broad gulf separates the Hungarian—Magyar—language from the English and all other European languages.

Not even of Aryan origin, its construction can not be explained according to the principles of Aryan languages and its conciseness and strength cannot be transferred. This is not an apology, it is the statement of a fact.

To produce, even approximately, the sense of an expression, it is frequently necessary to render one Hungarian word into five or six of any other European language; hence the gigantic difficulty of translating a masterpiece of Hungarian literature into any Aryan language must of necessity be greater than that of translation from a kindred idiom.

In the Magyar, the most perfect of all the Turanian languages, there has been produced a great literature, much of which is practically unknown outside of Hungary.

A comparatively small nation, Hungary has produced an overwhelming amount of poetical writings, and if the glowing Oriental imagery, the profound Occidental philosophy, the striking originality of the so-called "trio of the revolution" viz: *Petöfi*, *Arany* and *Vörösmarty* had emanated from English, French or German minds, the hearts of all the nations of the civilized world would have responded with greater

enthusiasm than to the production of Heine, Tennyson or Alfred de Musset.

Do not misunderstand me. These three names here are used for the purposes of illustration only and with no desire to convey to the reader the idea as if we wanted Petöfi to be thought to be the Magyar Heine, or Arany the Magyar Tennyson, and Vörösmarty the Magyar Musset.

Certainly not. The three Magyar poets rank higher and tower over and above the German, English and French poets named, and yet,—while the civilized world knows it loves and admires Heine, Tennyson and Musset, the three God-born sons of Song of Magyarland, Petöfi, Vörösmarty and Arany, are, comparatively speaking,—unknown to it.

The most brilliant creation of Hungary's dramatic literature, the "Tragedy of Man" by Imre Madách, has not yet been presented to English speaking peoples.

And yet it is a work sublimely grand in its conception.

What Goethe thought of in the second part of his "Faust" was brought by Madách into concrete form, beautiful and poetical.

However, I am relieved from the distressing condition I would find myself in of being obliged to give my own opinion of the beauty, splendor and grandeur of the work in question, thus subjecting myself to the charge of being partial. Fortunately I am enabled to insert here, instead of giving my own views and opinions, the weighty views and opinions of a Grand Master of Magyar literature.

I copy here from the XVI. Chapter of "A History of Hungarian Literature" by Frederick Riedl, Ph.D., in Edmund Gosse's Literatures of the World, London, William Heinemann MCMVI.

The Tragedy of Man is a poem of the type of Goethe's *Faust* and Byron's *Cain*. It is not one man, nor even a group of men, that the poet has chosen as the subject of his theme, but, boldly enough, the whole of mankind. His hero is Adam, the eternal type of humanity. The work displays the whole history of man, not merely his past, but his present, and even his future. We witness the whole process of man's development, up to the time when the human race will be extinguished, and its earthly home become frozen and uninhabitable. Seen through the eyes of the poet, that history appears a huge, grim tragedy. The problem for the poet to solve was, how to compress such an immense subject within the narrow limit of a single drama.

The opening scene is laid on biblical ground, in Eden. Adam yields to the temptation of Lucifer and tastes the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. After losing Eden, the fallen man and his mate have to endure the hardships of exile, and they long to cast a glance into the far-off future to see what is to be the outcome of their toils and sufferings.

Lucifer, whose aim is to destroy the newly created human race at the very outset, causes the pair to sink into a deep sleep, and evokes a succession of visions which reveal the future of humanity, and in which Adam beholds scene after scene of the world's future, himself taking an active part in each.

The hero of each vision, or of each epoch, is Adam himself, the eternal Man, in whom are embodied the most characteristic features and the leading ideas of each age. The visions represent for Adam, and, in consequence, for the whole human race which he typifies, a long series of what the French call *illusions perdues*. In each vision or each part of the drama; we see new aspirations, only to be followed by fresh

disillusion. Mankind for ever pursues new ideals, but is for ever deceived and baulked.

In the first vision Adam apears as Pharaoh in Egypt, while Eve has the form of a slave. Adam sees clearly that the fundamental conception of the Egyptian State is, the millions for the one—the ruler. Adam wishes to destroy that conception, and he longs to free both himself and his fellow men from the fetters in which it binds them.

The next vision shows the realisation of his hope. Adam reappears in the personality of Miltiades, in democratic Athens. But alas, his faith in the power of democracy is vain. His ideal is realised, yet its realisation brings only disappointment. The Athenian mob cannot make a worthy use of freedom, and proceeds to pass judgment upon its great leader Miltiades, demanding his death. In the soul of Miltiades, smarting beneath the cruel defeat of his hopes, bitter thoughts arise. He mocks at his own aspirations and calls that age alone happy which denies virtue and does not dream of or struggle towards lofty ideals.

And such an age does arrive, when man's one purpose has become the pursuit of pleasure. We find Adam at a bacchanalian feast in the sensual, dissolute world of the late Roman Empire. All at once, at the orgies of the insane revellers there appears an awful guest, the Plague. The Apostle Peter holds aloft the Cross, and preaches to the terrified Roman world the gospel of Christianity and asceticism.

What fate awaits the new ideal is shown in the next vision, where Adam, as Tancred the Crusader, sees how a perverted religion exalts celibacy and stigmatises pure love as a crime; he sees how in the Byzantine Christian world Christianity has de-

generated into a religion of petty dogmas, ridiculous controversies and brutal intolerance. Men have lost the spirit, and heed but the letter. What has become of the sacred religion of love and self-sacrifice? Adam (still in the vision) yearns for something altogether different from this, which has filled him with nothing but bitter disappointment. "I am exhausted and long for rest."

In the following scene Adam is the astronomer Kepler, absorbed in his studies, and keeping aloof from the world. But science alone cannot yield him satisfaction: in his quiet laboratory he yearns for great reforms, and heroic deeds, which should fashion the world anew.

And the age of colossal events arrives, the age which sees the ancient world totter to its foundations and sink with a great crash into ruin. The day of the French Revolution has dawned, and Adam reappears as Danton. But the prediction concerning the French Revolution, that, like Saturn, it would destroy its own children, is fulfilled. The Revolution turns against its heroes and Danton dies on the scaffold.

Then we come to the present age. Adam, who had wished for a State founded on liberty and order, finds himself in such a State: he has become a citizen of London. Yet disappointment awaits him even here. The world has indeed become wide, but of a dead level of mediocrity. Love itself is to be bought and sold. The whole world is an immense market, in which none of the higher impulses find play, and the soul of Adam is possessed with the idea that this stream of people, this crowd filling the streets of the great metropolis, is engaged in the one task of digging its own grave. Adam sees the vast grave, but sees above it, while all the rest sink into its

depths, Eve freed from all that is base, radiant in her purity, flying heavenward as the genius of Love.

The ninth scene is laid in the future, in the new socialistic world that is to be. Adam, as a travelling scholar, visits the State of the future, the Phalanstère, established in accordance with the ideas of the French socialists. The whole world is one vast settlement; the individual has no power or initiative, for everything is determined by the common will. The idea of Fatherland has long ceased to exist. Every man is but a part of a huge machine, the Phalanstère. No man has a name, but merely a number, like a prisoner. Every action is in conformity with the common good, but this conformity has the lifeless perfection only to be found in a machine. Art and poetry have become superfluous, it is only the useful which has a right to exist. The horse and the dog are only to be found in archæological museums: their place has been taken by machinery.

The heads of babies are carefully examined by phrenologists, in order that their careers may be judiciously chosen. The divine Plato himself is considered insane here, and fit only for prison. Adam, however, is repelled by such a world, so like a vast automaton, uninspired by a single grand idea, and illumined by no lofty virtue.

And at length the end approaches, the dreary, sad, inglorious end. Adam sees mankind rapidly nearing the time when the last feeble spark of human life will be extinguished. The globe of the sun, shorn of its rays, so that Adam takes its blood-red disc for the moon, sheds its dim light upon a frozen world. The last men of the race, a few degenerate Esquimaux, are dragging out a miserable existence. When Adam arrives among them they take him for a god,

and request that he would see that there were fewer Esquimaux but more seals.

So this is the goal to which all his struggles and aspirations are to lead, Adam thinks. His wretchedness is increased by the sight of Eve, as the mate of an Esquimaux, who humbly offers his wife's love to the stranger in accordance with the custom of the land. "I—I embrace this woman," cries Adam in horror, "I who once held Aspasia in my arms!"

La farce est jouée. Adam, who has stood beside both the cradle and the tomb of mankind, awakes from the awful dream. Was this to be the future of the race, his race? At the moment of waking, the visions just seen appear so terrible to him that he decides to put a speedy end to the long, painful struggle, of the dreadful issue of which he has been warned by those prophetic dreams—yes, to put an end to it, or, rather, to prevent its ever beginning by stopping the stream of human life at its source—by his own self-destruction. But just as he is stepping on the brink of the precipice, to carry out his fatal resolve, Eve approaches and whispers in his ear a secret, the first secret of the young world: she is going to become a mother. Adam sinks into the dust crying, "Lord, Thou hast vanquished me!" And the skies open, and God looks down upon the kneeling Adam and strengthens him for the coming struggle, in which he is not to be left without help. In the face of life's adversities God bids him "Strive and Trust!" and with these words the drama ends.

Critics have commented on this work from two different points of view. Some say that the dreams were recognised by the poet himself not to be in accordance with historical truth, and were deliberately chosen by Lucifer with the diabolical aim of driving

Adam to despair and suicide, and so destroying in hm the whole human race. Others explain the drama by saying that the great events and epochs of history appeared to Madách himself in the gloomy light in which he depicts them. According to those commentators, Madách, the poet of disillusion, who even in his lyric poems generally lamented some disappointment, saw in the history of the world nothing but a constant shattering of the hopes which spring up from generation to generation. Every age has its ideals, but even when reached they prove delusive.

Is man's history then really what Petöfi said of it, in a dark hour of doubt and hopelessness? "We are like the tree which flowers and fades: like the waves which rise and fall: like the traveller, who mounts a hill only to descend again. And so it goes on to all eternity, up and down, up and down."

If we take that view of *The Tragedy of Man*, its teaching is that the alternation of hope and disillusion, of ardent enthusiasm and bitter disappointment, which in other of his works is Madách's favourite theme, is the inevitable lot of mortals, and the whole drama may be regarded as an expansion of Schopenhauer's well-known dictum, that history is a painful nightmare weighing down the mind of humanity.

But is there then no consolation in this long series of disappointments? Does no stray, cheering sunbeam break through the darkness? The poet answers in the words of God, words which, in my opinion, express the main idea of the book: "Search not for the secret which a divine wisdom has mercifully hidden from thy sight." God points to love and spiritual aspirations for consolation, and sets the happiness of individual life against the unhappy fate of the race. Even if the history of mankind

as a whole should prove sad and disappointing, God has blessed the life of the individual with many joys and hopes.

This book of Madách is the first in Hungarian literature which deals not with the life of one man, or of the nation, but with mankind as a whole. But *The Tragedy of Man* marks a new departure in other respects as well. There are two contending elements in it, imagination and reflection. The author's ideas do not always rise to the poetic level, and we sometimes have metrical prose rather than true poetry, though as prose it is undoubtedly of high quality. This peculiarity in its language makes the poem a characteristic product of its age.

The same transition from imagination to philosophical reflection which we find in it, is to be traced on a larger scale in the whole of the literature of the period. It is one of the defects of Madách's poems that his philosophical reflection is not beautified by imagination, but remains abstract and logical. Another imperfection is in the drawing of his characters.

The plan of the poem demands that at each epoch of the world's history a complete transformation should take place in the soul of Adam, but as such a change is only conceivable as the result of a long process of development, it could not possibly occur as abruptly as it is made to do. For instance, we see that in the mind of Adam, as the Egyptian Pharaoh, the conception of a thoroughly democratic state springs into being instantaneously, but this is manifestly impossible, for at that period all the psychological conditions and historical precedents which could engender such a notion were lacking. Whereas mental growth is really a gradual modification of existing ideas, in the poem there are nothing but sudden and startling contrasts. Adam sets

his heart upon the exact opposite of the conditions which have proved so unsatisfactory.

As regards the other important character in the drama, Eve, the eternal woman, it must be confessed that in all her various transformations she is more like an abstraction that a real living woman. Yet in spite of these imperfections, the conception of the whole wondrous course of the human race is very grand, and the genius displayed in every detail very great.

Imre Madách was born on the 21st of January, 1821, at Also-Hregova, in the County of Neograd in Hungary, the scion of an ancient, noble Magyar family.

The masterwork of his life, *The Tragedy of Man*, he finished in 1860. He died on the 4th day of October, 1864.

Whether I have succeeded in giving in the English version even a faint idea of the beauty and the splendour of the original Magyar, must be judged by you, gentle reader, and by the critics. All I know is, that if my ability as a translator from Hungarian into English would be in equal ratio with the love and the devotion wherewith I made the translation, I'd fear no criticism however severe and exacting. I assure the gentle reader to have done my work "Con amore."

WILLIAM N. LOEW.

NEW YORK, *October*, 1908.

SCENE I.

(*Heaven. The Lord, on his throne, surrounded by a halo. Hosts of kneeling angels. The four archangels standing by the throne. Dazzling brightness.*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Glory be unto our Lord on high,
Whose one commanding word to all gave birth;
Who all can end with one glance of his eye.
Praise him ye Heavens above, praise him, O earth!
He is all might, all wisdom, all delight;
Our part is but the shadow o'er us thrown;
And for this boundless grace, we now unite,
Our songs of adoration, to intone.
Embodied is the thought, great, infinite,
Complete, the whole creation, and our Lord
Awaits from all that breathe, but to unite,
To pay their worship's dole, with one accord.

THE LORD.

The mighty masterpiece at last is done;
The wheel revolves; the master on his throne
Doth rest. A million aeons now 'twill move,
Before the smallest spoke shall faulty prove,
Arise, ye genii of my worlds; I send
You now, upon a course which has no end;
And rolling 'neath my feet, but let me gaze
Entranced, upon you, filled with proud amaze.
(*The genii of the planets storm by, rolling stars of*

diverse magnitude; double stars, fixed stars, nebulae and comets swarm about the throne. Soft music of the spheres.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

See the haughty ball of flame,
As he proudly rides the sky;
Serving, though unwittingly,
Starry groups that 'bout him lie.
Here, like a dim and flick'ring lamp,
A tiny twinkling star appears;
But 'tis a measureless great world,
Which full a million creatures bears.
See! flashing, whirling now apart,
In combat those two spheres that meet,
Onward bearing in their course,
Traces of the struggle fleet.
One, trembling in the distance shines,
As thundering it rolls below;
While on its bosom sweetest peace,
To a million hearts it doth bestow.
How modest shineth yonder star,
Soon to be called the star of love;
The earthly race, with tender hand
She guards, a solace from above.
Here are the tombs of worlds destroyed;
Yonder rise others, newly born;
A warning voice unto the vain,
A ray of hope to the forlorn.
And there too, all order leaving,
The comet's image dread finds place;
But to the Lord's voice harkening,
In order moves. Then beams thy face,
O youthful spirit dear, who bear'st
The ever changing mundane sphere,

In mourning garments, festal robes;
In green, then white, thou dost appear.
Upon thee, Heaven's blessing rest!
Then forth, come forth, without delay.
Within thy narrow boundary,
Great minds will be at strife alway;
Both good and ill, both smile and tear,
Winter and spring, each will find place;
Light and shadow will be near;
The wrath of God, his tender grace.

(*The genii of the stars retreat.*)

THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL.

O thou who measurest infinite space,
All matter therein that is, hast made;
All greatness, boundless time and place,
Called into being, thy command obeyed:
Hosanna, Mind, to Thee!

(*Prostrates himself.*)

THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL.

Thou all that's mutable or firm,
United hast by law divine;
To time unending set a term,
Made man, and race of men for thine:
Hosanna, Force, to Thee!

(*Prostrates himself.*)

THE ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL.

And thou, o'erwhelming floods of bliss dost send,
The body waking thus to consciousness;
Thy wisdom whereso'er it doth descend,
The whole earth blessing brings and happiness:
Hosanna, Love, to Thee!

(*Prostrates himself.*)

(*Silence.*)

THE LORD.

Thou, Lucifer, in gloomy silence, stand'st
Apart. Hast thou no word of praise for me?
Or finds my work no favor in thy sight?

LUCIFER.

Wherefore should I be pleased, that elements
Diverse, new properties assume, existent
Before, though unrevealed, but still of which
Thou hadst not an idea; and if thou hadst
Thou would'st have had no power to alter them.
A few spheres, drawn and kneaded, together welded;
Just a few worms, to conscious being waked;
Till all shall be completed and cooled off,
When naught but senseless dross thereof remains,
Which man, espying, eagerly would seize
For his retort, as even thou mankind
In thine immense retort hast placed, and see'st
How he doth seethe and boil and simmer there,
And look upon himslf as God, like thee.
But should he sometime spoil and waste the broth,
Then all thy tardy wrath o'er him would burst.
But then, what would'st thou of a dilettante?
Thou'st written but a poem in thy praise,
But placed it in a mechanism poor,
And growest never weary of this lay,
This ever limited eternity.
But is this worthy of an aged sire,
This toy, fit but to move a childish heart?
Treading the mire, a tiny spark that mimics
Its Lord; a caricature, and no true image,
With fate and liberty, pursuing each
The other, with all lack of harmony.

THE LORD.

Homage, not censure, best beseemeth thee.

LUCIFER.

Other than my nature, can I not
Appear; enough for praise, is this mean host
(*Pointing toward the angels.*)
Of faithful ones, and it beseems them too,
Thou brought'st them forth, as light the shadow casts;
But I have lived, from all eternity.

THE LORD.

Ha! shameless one! wast not of matter born?
Where was thy place, thy power, before I was?

LUCIFER.

'Tis even this I fain would ask of thee.

THE LORD.

Before all time, it was my plan, and lived
In me, that which thou now accomplished see'st.

LUCIFER.

Didst thou not ever feel a rift, a void;
A hindrance to thy mind, which still compelled
Thee to create, despite thyself? The name
Of this gigantic rift, is—Lucifer,
The spirit of Negation from all time;
And thou didst triumph o'er me; thus, my fate
Did seem, in that great struggle, calm to yield;
But now with powers renewed, I rise again.
Creating matter, thou didst give me scope,
Wherever life is found, there lurketh death,

And near to happiness, despondency.
With light the shadow dwells; with hope, despair;
And whereso'er thou art, there too am I.
Thus knowing thee, thou deemest I could praise?

THE LORD.

Begone, rebellious spirit, far from me!
I could destroy thee, but 'tis not my will.
For aye, thou'rt banished from the spirit hosts
To battle with the dross, as alien scorned;
And in thy never ending solitude,
Thou shalt be tortured with th' undying thought,
That vainly thou wilt shake thy chain of dust;
For 'gainst the Lord, thy strife can naught avail.

LUCIFER.

Not so! thus easily thou canst not cast
Me off, like some mean tool, useless become.
Together we created; I lay claim
Now to my part.

THE LORD (*scornfully.*)

Then be it as thou wilt!
See! on the earth, amid fair Eden's trees,
There in the centre, rise two mighty ones:
Henceforth they are accurs'd, and they are thine.

LUCIFER.

How niggardly thou portionest; but thou
Art a great Lord. A foot of ground, for me,
Will serve; for whereso'er Negation's foot
Shall tread, 'twill bring destruction to thy world.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Curs'd spirit, go, and from His face withdraw!
Hosanna, Lord! whose word gave us the law.

SCENE II.

(*The Garden of Eden. In the centre, the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. Adam and Eve walking, surrounded by all kinds of animals, following them in affectionate confidence. A halo shines through the open gate of Heaven, and the soft harmonies of the celestial choirs are heard. Bright daylight.*)

EVE.

To live, to live! how glorious, how sweet!

ADAM.

And to be lord of all one's eyes can meet.

EVE.

To feel above us all this loving care,
And for it all, but breathe our grateful prayer
To him who gave these joys.

ADAM.

I see thy lot
Dependence is—I thirst, Eve, see'st thou not
Those tempting fruits?

EVE.

I'll pluck of them for thee.

THE LORD.

Abstain, abstain! All earth by my decree
Is yours, but those two trees, placed here by me;
For evil lies in their enticing fruit,
And bitter death is their one attribute.
Sweet grapes are beck'ning thee from yonder vines:
Now when the midday sun most sultry shines
The cool and shady bower invites to rest.

ADAM.

A strange command, but grave seems the behest.

EVE.

Why fairer than the rest, should be these trees?
Since all he gave, why are forbidden these?

ADAM.

Why green the grass, why blue the Heaven above?
Heed we the mandate; follow me, my love.
(*They enter a bower.*)

EVE.

Lean on my breast, and I will fan thee, dear.
(*A violent gust of wind. Lucifer appears amid the foliage.*)

ADAM.

O woman, that strange sound did'st thou not hear?
Unknown before, as if some hostile power
O'er us did break?

EVE.

In trembling fear, I cower.
Mute have become the heavenly harmonies.

ADAM.

Here on thy breast, I seem to hear e'en these.

EVE.

And if obscured, the radiance on high,
I'd think, my love, to see it in thine eye.
How could I find it elsewhere, but in thee,
Whose warm desire hath e'en begotten me?
Just as the royal sun, with playful grace,
Who mirrors on the waves his radiant face,—
Forgets in generous mood that which was done,

That he might not forever be alone,—
His own work was; and when his own rays fade,
The image fair dissolves, which he has made.

ADAM.

O speak not so, Eve, shame not thus mine ear!
For where were sound, if there were none to hear?
Where were the rays, if not in glowing hues
They fell? And I, did I not thus diffuse,
Like tone and flower, my being too in thee,
In whom my other self I loving see?

(*A bird sings in a neighboring tree.*)

EVE.

Adam, dost understand what it doth sing—
The love song of that foolish little thing?

ADAM.

And I was list'ning to the brooklet's song—
The selfsame lay,—as it did flow along.

LUCIFER.

Why do I wait? The deed that I have vowed,
To-day I'll carry out. I am not cowed;
And yet, I hesitate; myself I ask,
Will it fulfill my chosen hellish task?
Will their desire for knowledge, by its stress,
Have power to rob them of their happiness?
Between them and my plans, their hearts' true love
Stands as a guard, a gift from Him above.
And yet, why fear? Who dares, succeeds alway.
(*Another gust of wind. Lucifer appears before the terrified human pair. The nimbus is obscured. Lucifer laughs.*)

LUCIFER.

At what are ye amazed?
(*To Eve, who is about to run away.*)
Fair woman, stay!
One moment let me gaze upon thy charms.
(*Eve stops, by degrees gaining confidence.*)
(*Aside.*) This type will be a million times renewed.
(*Aloud.*) Thou'rt frightened, Adam?

ADAM.

By thee, thou monster vile!

LUCIFER (*Aside*).

A fine progenitor for proud mankind!
(*Aloud.*) I give thee greeting, brother spirit.

ADAM.

Who
Art thou? From above, or from below,
Dost come?

LUCIFER.

As thou wilt; to us it is the same.

ADAM.

I thought that we alone did here abide.

LUCIFER.

Hoho! much else there is, thou knowest not,
And ne'er wilt know. Think'st thou perhaps, for this,
The holy sire created thee from dust,
That he might share his realm with thee alone?
Thou praisest him; he holds thee in his hand;
This, to avoid, commanding; that, to fear.
He guides and leads thee as he would a lamb,
So that of reason thou hast never need.

ADAM.

Do I not think? have I not consciousness?
No feeling for the blessed sunshine's ray,
The sweetness and the bliss of living too,
The great and boundless mercy of my God,
Who maketh me a god here on the earth?

LUCIFER.

Such consciousness the little worm might feel;
The little worm that eateth of thy fruits;
The eagle, too, that snatches the tiny bird.
What elevates thee, then, above all these?
'Tis but a spark that lies within thy breast,
The feeble flutt'ring of an endless power;
Like waves, that, for a moment, light the stream,
Then lose themselves again in ocean's gray
And misty depths. Yes, thought, perhaps might be,
That dormant lies within thy breast; knowledge
To thee, it might bring, of thyself to judge
'Twixt good and ill, that thy fate thou might'st guide,
And throw aside the Providence above.—
Perhaps for thee, 't were better, like the dung-worm,
To thrive within thy tiny sphere, there soft
Embedded lie, and without knowledge wear
Thy life away. To rest in our belief
Is sweet; but hard, though noble 'tis to stand
Alone.

ADAM.

These great thoughts make my brain to reel.

EVE.

Their beauty and their novelty inspire me.

LUCIFER.

But knowledge of itself, were not enough:
Our great thoughts to embody, there must be
Immortality. What can this span
Of human life achieve?—In these two trees,
These wondrous powers are hidden, but forbidden
By him who brought them forth. Of that, if thou
Dost eat, thou wilt become as wise as God;
And this will bless thee with eternal youth.

EVE.

Cruel indeed is he who did create us!

ADAM.

But if thou dost deceive?

(*The nimbus becomes brighter.*)

CELESTIAL CHOIR.

Woe to thee, world, beware!
Negation old is tempting thee!

THE LORD.

O man, beware, beware!

ADAM.

That voice again I hear! Ah, me!

LUCIFER.

The branches swaying in air!
Mankind to gain,
For our dark reign,
Ghosts of my train,
Your help now deign!
(*A gust of wind. The rainbow is obscured.*)
—These trees are mine.

ADAM.

And who art thou, who seemest of our kind?

LUCIFER.

Yon eagle see, as 'mid the clouds he soars;
The mole, as blind within the earth he graves;
Each one, to his own vision limited.
So hovers far beyond thy view, the realm
Of souls, and man to thee, the highest seems.
The dog's ideal too, is but a dog,
Who honored feels in his companionship;
But e'en as thou upon him lookest down,
So too, we proud ones of the spirit world,
Look down upon the creatures of the earth.

ADAM.

So then, of that proud kingdom, thou art one?

LUCIFER.

Yes, and 'mong the great ones, mightiest;
Who by the Lord's throne, once did stand, sharing
In all his greatest glory there.

ADAM.

Why then,
In that most glorious Heaven didst thou not stay?
Why cam'st among us, to this world of dust?

LUCIFER.

It galled me, there to hold the second place;
That life, monotonous and regular,
Did fill me with disgust, with the insipid
Childish descant of the heavenly choir,
Praising eternally, both good and bad.

I long for strife, disharmony; new powers,
New worlds, wherein my soul, alone, its greatness
Finds, and whither the bold may follow me.

ADAM.

Our God hath said that he will punish us,
If other paths than his, we choose to tread.

EVE.

Why punish? Surely, if the path which we
Must tread, he hath marked out, hath he not also
So created us, that we might never
Be drawn away by evil tendencies?
For why, beside a deep abyss, should he
Have placed us, our destruction planning thus?
And e'en if error in his plan have part,
Like tempests, breaking o'er the fairest day;
Who then would say, that in the driving storm
More evil lay, than in the sunshine's warmth?

LUCIFER.

Behold! The first philosopher appears.
The long line after thee, my sister fair,
In full a million ways will teach the same;
Many will be, whose road to madness leads,
And many retreat, affright; none reach the goal.
So give your reasoning o'er, for ev'rything
Contains so many shades, that he who long
Contemplates them, knows in the end far less
Than at the first swift glance, and reaches ne'er
The goal; for reasoning is action's death.

EVE.

To pluck the fruit then I am free?

ADAM.

The curse of God is on the tree!

(*Lucifer laughs.*)

But pluck it, bring it weal or woe.
Like God, we all things fain would know;
(*From the tree of knowledge Eve plucks an apple, first tasting it herself, then giving it to Adam.*)

EVE.

Forever young to be!

LUCIFER.

Be quick, come, follow me!
The fruit of yonder tree,
Gives immortality.
(*He leads them to the other tree, where a cherub, with flaming sword, guards the way.*)

CHERUB.

Sinners, begone! Ye have betrayed His trust.

THE LORD.

Adam, Adam, thou hast forsaken me;
To thine own weakness, I abandon thee.

EVE.

Woe unto us, we're lost! It is unjust.

LUCIFER.

Are ye afraid?

ADAM.

No, no. I only shake
The thraldom off, and now I am awake.
Away, my spouse; let's go, whitherso'er!
This place is strange become, gloomy and bare.

CELESTIAL CHOIR.

Victorious lie its banner hath unfurled.
Bemoan our brother's fall; lost is the world!

SCENE III.

(Magnificent landscape outside of Eden. A little rude log hut. Adam driving posts for a fence. Eve erecting a bower. Lucifer.)

ADAM.

This is all mine; instead of the great world,
This spot will be my home. It is my own:
I guard it from the wild, devouring beasts,
Compelling it in turn, to nourish me.

EVE.

A bower I make, just like that other one;
Thus now before us, I can conjure up
The Eden lost.

LUCIFER.

Ah! what great words ye speak!
Possessions, family; twofold incentive
Of the world, the source of all its joys
And griefs, for these ideas great will grow
And grow unceasingly, until from them
Great industries and nations will arise.
Begetters too, they'll be of all things great
And noble, though devourers of their offspring—

ADAM.

Thou speak'st in riddles; but 'twas knowledge thou
Did'st promise me. I sacrificed my bliss,

That e'en in striving, still I might be great.
And what is my reward?

LUCIFER.
Thou feel'st it not?

ADAM.
I feel that as God has abandoned me
With empty hands into the desert casting,
So him have I abandoned. To myself
A god I'll be, and that for which I strive
Will be my own. This gives me strength and pride.

LUCIFER (*Aside*).
Vain wight! thou blowest bubbles to the skies;
We'll test thy heart, when thunders mutter deep.

EVE.
I too, feel naught but pride within me, for
'Tis I who'll be the mother of the race.

LUCIFER (*Aside*).
Ideal worthy of the woman's heart!
Perpetuating sin and misery.

ADAM.
Why should I grateful be to Him? For living?
If life indeed outweigh its sordid cares,
'Tis of my own endeavors but the fruit.
The ecstacy a cooling draught doth give,
With pangs of burning thirst must first be earned;
The price of honeyed kisses too, is pain
Of longing, then satiety; but now
I'm free from all these ties of gratitude,
My own fate to build up and to destroy,

Manipulating that which I have planned,—
Perhaps for this I did not need thine aid,
For my own strength and will had well sufficed.
Thou'st not unloosed me from the pond'rous gyves
Which to the earth my body still enchain.
I feel—I know not what—so subtle 't is;
It may be but a hair—more is the shame—
Which holds my soul in doubt, and in suspense;
Behold, I fain would soar, my body fails;
Both eye and ear the service high reject
If mysteries of space I would espy;
And when in fancy's flight I'm borne aloft,
From hunger, cow'ringly I sink again,
Unto vile matter which my essence is.

LUCIFER.

These chains are even stronger than myself.

ADAM.

Then thou'rt a feeble spirit if this web
Invisible, this null, of which the millions
Have no consciousness, but with a sense
Of liberty, therein they revel,
Defy thee, though it is not dreamed of, save
By some superior, enlightened souls.

LUCIFER.

And it is this alone which can defy me;
For it is spirit, like myself. Thou think'st
Because a power works noiseless and concealed
It hath not force? Not so, in shadow lies
That power, which shatters or creates a world;
For sight of it would cause the brain to reel.
'Tis but the work of man, which roars and glitters,
Whose limit in this human life is reached.

ADAM.

Oh! let me contemplate these workings great
One moment only—strength my bosom fills,—
That power which moveth, and by which I am
Enthralled, although a perfect whole am I.

LUCIFER.

"Am!" Senseless word! Thou wast; thou wilt be;
For life is either crescent, of in decay.
But look about thee! View with spirit eyes!
(*As the last words are spoken, all becomes visible.*)

ADAM.

What flood is this which bursts here on my sight,
So madly pressing onward to the height?
Parting in twain, like to the storm wind fleet
It rushes to the distant poles.

LUCIFER.

'Tis heat,
Which to the icy regions giveth life.

ADAM.

And these two streams of flame, with horrors rife.
Which at my side are whirling swiftly by?
They wellnigh crush me, yet methinks that I
Can feel their touch; how it doth vivify!
Ah! what is this, that so doth terrify?

LUCIFER.

It is the magnet.

ADAM.

'Neath me sways the ground;
All that erstwhile was formless, firm and bound.

Now seething matter hath become, and strife
Arises now for form and breathing life;
As crystal glistening and shining here,
As blossom yonder to burst forth. In fear
I ask, Oh! 'mid this chaos, where will be
My pent-up individuality?
What of this earthly shell, in which, O fool,
I placed my faith, as in a potent tool?
Wherewith my aspirations once I thought
To realize.—Deluded child, to naught
Thou'lt shrink, who for me joys and woes dost reap,
And some time be reduced to a mean heap
Of dust, then into other forms resolve:
Perchance a vapor to a cloud dissolved,
Evaporating when its course is run.
Each word of mine, each thought my brain has spun,
Consuming, part by part, this form of mine;
And this devouring fire, the fell design
Of some mysterious spirit dark, that fans
The flame, as gleeful he my ashes scans.
Away with this dread sight, away! I feel
That e'en my reason now doth wane and reel.
While crushed with loneliness, amid this strife
Of all these elements, that teem with life.
How terrible! Why did I cast away,
That Providence, to which in wild dismay
I turn; which instinct felt, though could not prize
My wisdom yearns again to realize.

EVE.

Like to thine own, are the feelings of my heart,
Whether I see thee struggling with wild beasts,
Or wearily I tend our little garden,
I look around me, o'er the wide, wide world;
On earth, in heaven, no kindred near I see;

Not e'en one friend, to guard and cheer us now.
Ah! in that fairer time, it was not so.

LUCIFER (*scornfully*).

If then ye are such childish, trivial souls,
Chilling, without some warm, protecting hand;
If of dependence ye have such sore need;
I will call forth for you a god, whom ye
Will find more smiling than your rigid sire:
The Spirit of the Earth. I knew him there,
The modest youth, in the celestial choir.
Earth Spirit, I command
Come! thou can'st not withstand
The soul that e'er denies,
Thee dares, and thee defies.

(*Flames leap out of the earth. Heavy black clouds and a rainbow appear. Terrific peals of thunder.*)

LUCIFER.

Who art thou, spectre? Thee did I not call.
The guardian of the earth is tender, frail.

EARTH SPIRIT.

He who in the celestial choir seemed frail,
Is infinite and strong in his own sphere.
But at command of spirit I appear,
For that I must obey, I dare not fail.
Mark well! no other acts can'st thou inspire.
Could'st thou see my face, thy fate were dire,
And these two worms would perish in their fear.

LUCIFER.

How can man thy proud presence reach, if he
Resolved that henceforth thou his god shalt be?

EARTH SPIRIT.

In clouds, in groves and in the seas,
All that to him brings bliss and ease.

(*Disappears.*)

(*The valley is populated with dancing nymphs.*)

EVE.

Ah! see, these kindred faces here
See! See! how smiling they appear!
No more abandoned, no more alone,
And happiness, before unknown,
They bring, for they can sympathize,
And in our doubts, give counsel wise.

LUCIFER.

And ye could ask no better than these elves
So dear, who e'er advise what ye yourselves
Desire, in questioning betrayed; they seem
All smiling unto guileless hearts, but teem
With terror to the lost. In many a form,
In myriad guise, about you they will swarm;
Unto the savant bring the longed for goal,
And its ideal to the youthful soul.

ADAM.

But what avails this vain and glittering show
I here behold? for nothing do I know.
One more enigma now doth bother me,
Delay not, Lucifer, but hear my plea!

LUCIFER (*aside*).

This knowledge will bring bitterness one day;
And thou wilt long for thy lost ignorance.

(*Aloud.*)
Have patience, for thou know'st, each moment's bliss,
With struggles thou must ever earn; so thou
Through many schools must pass and errors too,
Before thou knowest all.

ADAM.

How easy 'tis
To speak of patience, with eternity
Spread out before thee? but I did not eat
Of the tree of life, therefore this little span
Of human life doth warn me to make haste.

LUCIFER.

To all that lives, the span is but the same.
The hoary trees, th' unseen ephemera;
They live, rejoice, they love, and pass away,
Till run their course, their instincts satisfied.
Time ceaseth not: we change; a century—
A day—the end is but the same. Fear not:
Thou'lt reach the goal, but think not that this clay
Shuts in man's individuality.
Look at the ant, the swarming bees, with all
The senseless chaos of their myriad works;
How blind they strive and roam, to sink at last
In death; but as a solid mass, they live,
Together live and strive, with but one soul,
Accomplishing their being's destiny,
Till comes the end, when all shall cease at once.
So shall thy dust be scattered far, but thou
In a hundred forms shalt live again, and naught
Need'st thou begin anew. For all thy sins
The son must penance do; to him, thy gout
Dost thou transmit, thy life's experience,

All thy sensations and thy learning, all,
For aeons, shall thine own possession be.

ADAM.

Unto the aged, leave this retrospection.
With other aims my youthful breast doth burn!
Vouchsafe a glimpse into my future; show
Wherefore I suffer, and wherefore I must strive.

EVE.

And let me see, if in this changing life,
My charms shall ever perish or decay.

LUCIFER.

So be it! Let magic enfold
You twain, so that ye may behold,
In the fleeting scenes of a dream
Your fate, that with struggles doth teem,
And trivial aims. That despair,
May never possess you, a fair
And tenuous, shimmering ray
Shall shine o'er the toilsome way;
And this faint light—now to ope
The road delusive, is—hope!
(*Leads Adam and Eve into the hut, where he causes them to fall asleep.*)

SCENE IV.

(Egypt. Open halls in the foreground. Adam as Pharaoh in his youth, on a throne. Lucifer as his minister. A brilliant retinue at a respectful distance. In the background, slaves are engaged in building a pyramid; overseers, with straps in their hands drive them to their work. Bright daylight.)

LUCIFER.

O Royal Sire, with sorrow asks thy land,—
Which e'er to die for thee, doth ready stand;—
Why is it, that her mighty Pharaoh,
Upon his cushioned throne no rest can know?
Why yieldest thou the blessings of the day,
And why the night's sweet dreamland fancies' play,
Why leav'st thou not to servitors, the care
Of executing thy great plans? for share
Can no one in thy universal might,
And is not thine all pleasure and delight?
An hundred lands their treasures yield to thee;
Each fragrant flower, the fruit of every tree
Is thine; for thee, a thousand bosoms sigh:
The beauty fair, with languishing blue eye,
Like to some sportive elf's, her slender form;
The dusky maid, with panting lips, so warm,
And burning eyes, mad passion that betray;
All are thine own; with their fate thou can'st play;
Each feels she hath fulfilled her humble lot,
If to thy bliss she hath vouchsafed one jot.

ADAM.

But of all these, not one can touch my heart.
I do not strive for them; they are but part
Of that thy power secured, and not my own.

But now, creating this great work of stone,
I feel I've found the path which leads me on
To real greatness. That which shall be done,
This work of art, e'en nature will outdo;
And centuries its wonders yet will view
And throughout ages herald my renown.
No hurricane will ever tear it down,
No earthquake e'er uproot it, for man now,
In strength, e'en to his God, cares not to bow.

LUCIFER.

And yet, Oh! Pharaoh, art happy thou,
In this thy fancy's flight? The truth avow!

ADAM.

Not I. A void unspeakable I feel;
Toward glory only do I bend my zeal.
But what of that, for bliss is not my goal;
My name will yet appear on fame's proud roll,
But let the herd know not the pain I feel,
For pity would from adoration steal.

LUCIFER.

But then, if thou in time should'st ever see,
That glory is but hollow mockery?

ADAM.

It cannot be.

LUCIFER.

But if so?

ADAM.

I would die,
Cursing the world which I could thus defy.

LUCIFER.

Thou wilt not die, but ever undergo
The same experience, and all thy woe.
(*The overseers whip one of the slaves so mercilessly that he runs screaming with pain to the front, into the hall, where he sinks down before the throne.*)

THE SLAVE.

Help, Majesty!
(*Eve, as the slave's wife, tears herself from the crowd, and sobbing piteously, throws herself upon her husband.*)

EVE.

Thou dost appeal in vain;
For he who never shared our grief and pain,
Ne'er comprehends.—The ruler's throne is high,
And sorrow's voice is low; but do not I
Thy body shield, the lashes on mine own
Receiving?

ADAM.

(*To the overseers, who attempt to drag the slave and his wife away.*)
Away from here! Leave them alone!
(*The overseers all retire.*)
What strange emotion creeps into my heart?
Who is this woman, what her charm—or art,
By which, as with a chain, the mighty king,
Down to her humble level, she doth bring?

LUCIFER.

This is another of those subtle threads,
Thy Lord disdainfully about thee weaves,
To rouse in thee the consciousness of this,
Thy chrysalis existence, when thou seekst,—

In thy delusion—like the butterfly
To soar. Thou'st seen the power of this frail thread;
It slips from out our grasp, and for this reason
I'm powerless to destroy it.

ADAM.
(*Descending the steps of the throne.*)
Attempt it not.
It is not ill, although it presseth sore.

LUCIFER.
But it beseemeth not a king and sage
To groan beneath it.

ADAM.
What then, can I do?

LUCIFER.
There's nothing left but science, which denies
The whole existence of these occult threads,
Which force and matter jeeringly deride.

ADAM.
I neither can deride them, nor deny.

EVE.
Ah! dear one, how thy blood doth flow; let me
Quench it a little. Ah! and is thy pain so great?

SLAVE.
It is only life that pains me, soon
All will be o'er.

EVE.
Not so! Not so! for why
Did'st live at all, if so, thou now must die?

SLAVE.

What right have slaves to live? To carry stones
For pyramids, planned by great kings on thrones,
Bear children for the yoke that was their own,
Then die,—a million for one man, alone.

ADAM.

Ah! Lucifer, what mean these dreadful words?

LUCIFER.

Delirious ravings of a dying man!

ADAM.

What does he say?

LUCIFER.

Great Pharaoh, to thee
'Tis naught; and yet it is of consequence:
The earth is cumbered with just one slave less.

EVE.

Ah! naught to thee, but all the world to me,
Woe! Woe! who now will love me tenderly?

SLAVE.

No longer I; forget me, wife—for aye!

(*Dies.*)

ADAM.

Thou shalt be mine.—The dead man bear away.
My lady, rise! Upon my cushioned throne
Is now thy place; I'm king of power alone;
But queen of beauty thou—and thou and I
Were destined now to meet, beneath the sky.

EVE.

Thy wish is law to me, great Pharaoh;
Our fate lies but in thy commands, I know,
Nor do I seek escape; but now alone
Leave me a while, and then command thine own.

ADAM.

No more that word. Oh! can it, can it be,
That in *commands* doth lie my sov'reignty?

EVE.

Enough, that thy command, in this first hour,
Gives me no pain, as o'er my spouse I shower
My bitter tears. Then envy not the dead
O'er whom—in death still beautiful—they're shed.
(*Falls upon him.*)

ADAM.

"Fair" and "dead!"—What contrariety!
This peace doth bring reproach on all our strivings,
And pityingly mocks our vanity.

LUCIFER.

The liberated slave, who scornful says,
"E'en stronger than thy chains, have I become!"

ADAM.

Peace to the dead, and to the living, bliss!
He feeleth not thy tears, but to forego
Thy smile, is pain to me.
(*They carry the dead man away. Adam leads Eve to the throne.*)
Here, at my side,
Woman!

(*Lamentations are heard among the workmen. Eve swoons.*)
What is it, love?

EVE.
Oh! dost not hear
The people's cries?

ADAM.
It is but now, I hear.
'Tis no sweet music, sure, but listen not!
And in my kisses be the world forgot.
(*To Lucifer*) Can'st thou not stop these lamentations wild?

LUCIFER.
I cannot; 'tis the people's right; that right
Which with their yoke, they have inherited.
(*Another cry of grief. Eve sobs aloud. Adam rises.*)

ADAM.
Thou sufferest, my lady, yet I know
No help to give. Thy own heart's awful woe
Like light'ning strikes my brain, and now I feel
As if to me the whole world did appeal.

EVE.
Oh, Pharaoh! destroy me, but forgive,
If to their cry, my heart is sensitive.
I know full well that I am but thy slave,
That all my aim in life, until the grave,
Must be to please, and to please thee alone.
I cheerfully forget all I have known:
Sorrows and joys, love dreams, all, all; and I
Do e'en forget my dead, to gratify
But thee; that passionate be my love sigh;
That burning lips, with kiss to kiss reply;

But when this being multiform, without—
Lashed on its back with whips—in pain doth shout,
Then I, an atom of that body, smart
With all its agony, e'en to my heart.

ADAM.

I feel it too—"A million for the one."
So hath the dead man said.

EVE.

What have I done,
Great Pharaoh, that thou'rt so sad become?
Drive me away, or teach me to be dumb,
As well as deaf.

ADAM.

Belovéd, no! in naught
Hast failed; a better teacher thou, who'st taught
Me to hear sorrow's tones; and now no more
Shall they resound on earth, for I abhor
Henceforth, that fame, which is but one man's share,
And for which men, e'en million wise, must bear
The yoke of woe. The bliss, for *one*, I feel,
But a million cries, to me in pain appeal.

LUCIFER.

O Pharaoh, thou dreamest! Certain 't is,
That fate the herd has destined to the work,
As beasts of burden, to tread the mill, at each
Command; for that they were created. Give
To them their liberty, to-day; but that
Which thou dost sacrifice, will be no gain
To them. To-morrow, a new master, they
Will seek, for thinkest thou could'st override
The herd, felt it no need of sov'reignty,
If consciousness within its bosom dwelt?

ADAM.

Why then do they lament, as if to them
Their servitude were pain?

LUCIFER.

They suffer, but
They know not why; for ev'ry creature longs
For mastery; and this alone, it is,
And not fraternity, that draws the crowd
Round freedom's standard; though to consciousness
They never wake, but a presentiment
Or something new to come, an overthrowal
Of established laws, impelleth them,
And 't is this hope, embodied in their dreams
Of happiness, they view.—The populace
Is a deep sea, whose under-waters dark,
The sunshine can not penetrate; the wave,
Alone, doth sparkle and reflect the light,—
And even thou dost chance to be this wave.

ADAM.

And why just *I?*

LUCIFER.

Or other, like to thee,
In whom once patriotism is aroused,
As freedom's champion adored, doth dare
Approach thine own illustrious place. The herd
Doth nothing gain; naught but its name is changed,
While the tyrant still remains.

ADAM.

Endless
Is the circle of thy reasoning,
From which perhaps, there may be no escape.

LUCIFER.

There *is* escape. Choose but a few; load them
With gold and jewels and other toys; place them
Above the masses; say thou hold'st them nobler,
Thy word believing, the people they will scorn,
Enduring, in their turn, thy scorn of them.

ADAM.

No more of thy misleading sophistries!
Away with slaves! let every one be free!
Proclaim to them their freedom; but make haste,
Less I should rue it, and 't would be too late.

LUCIFER (*Aside*).

Thou thinkest forward, of thyself, to move,
When thou art borne but by the flood of fate.
(*Exit.*)

ADAM.

This work will stand forever incomplete;
A warning ruin, to all those, whose plans
Are great and high, a mighty question-mark
Forever to our potency, and frailty.
(*Workmen are heard talking joyfully, without. Lucifer returns.*)
Rejoice ye slaves that greatness bows to thee!
But ne'er believe, that I could be constrained.

. . . .

EVE.

Console thyself, O thou my own beloved!
What cometh of this glory, lone and drear—
A clammy serpent that between us creeps?

ADAM.

But still, how great!

EVE.

Away with it! They weep
No more; their cries no longer rend our ears.
Upon my breast, what more could'st thou desire?

ADAM.

O woman, narrow thy horizon is,
But it is just for this man gives life's meed
To thee. The strong must ever love the weak;
The suckling, helpless in its mother's arms,
Is loved more tenderly than all the rest.

EVE.

Ah, Pharaoh! perhaps thus soon, my vain
And foolish chatter wearies thee. Alas!
How were it otherwise? I am not learned.

ADAM.

Nor need thou wish for wisdom, my dear one;
For mind sufficient, in myself I find,
'T is not for power or greatness that I lean
Upon thy breast, nor e'en for wisdom; that
Far better with my books I can achieve.
Speak, only speak, that I may hear thy voice,
That it may flood my heart with melody.
Say what thou wilt, for oh! who e'er doth ask
The meaning of the bird's song? but we list
In rapture, when we hear his tuneful lay.
Be but a flower, a costly gem, useless,
Though beautiful, for that beseems thee well.
(*To Lucifer.*)
Another wish wakes in this heart of stone,
A foolish wish perhaps—but grant it me;
A bold glance in the future, let me cast,

A couple of thousand years from now. I fain
Would see what of my fame will then remain.

LUCIFER.

While thou'rt giving kiss for kiss,
Dost thou not feel the tepid breeze,
That gently fans thy burning cheeks,
And then away as gently, flees?
An atom of the dust it blows,
Which in a year an inch hath grown,
A few feet in a century;
When a few thousand years have flown
The pyramids will be entombed
And thy great name be buried low
'Neath heaps of sand; and then, where lie
Thy fairest pleasure gardens now,
Jackals will claim their beastly reign,
Which with their howling will resound
And, on the desert plain encamped,
A servile beggar-race be found.
(*As Lucifer speaks, all becomes visible.*)

And that which Heaven-rending storm,
And earthquake cannot bring about,
By the caressing, gentle breeze
In its calm, silent course is wrought.

ADAM.

A frightful picture!

LUCIFER (*Mockingly.*)

Ye need have no fear,
Thy soul alone is lost; thy body here
Remains, a mummy; and in times to come
The wonder of all schoolboys who would know

What mystic, half-effaced inscriptions show:
If it had been a King or but a slave.
(*A Mummy stalks out, appearing before the throne, then slowly going down the steps.*)

ADAM (*Springing up.*)
Infernal vision, monstrous thing, begone!
Ambition and conceit henceforth I shun.
Still in my ear, rings "Millions for the one."
So to these millions then, be justice done
In a free state, for else it cannot be:
The one must perish, if mankind be free;
And it is for the common weal I yearn.

EVE.
And me too, leavest thou, from me dost turn?

ADAM.
All! Thee, the throne, all, must I leave.
Lead on, O Lucifer, I did deceive
Myself; too long in error's path did roam.

EVE.
My King, if e'er with shattered hopes thou fain
Would'st solace find, come to my heart again.

ADAM.
Ay! Ay! I do believe that we shall meet;
Then in some nobler guise I thee shall greet;
And thou wilt love me, not at my command,
But as my peer, with passion strong and grand.

LUCIFER.
Not so precipitate; thou'lt reach the goal,
And when 't is gained, thy now impatient soul,

With anguish will bemoan the loss sustained;
While I shall laugh at thee, for what I've gained.

SCENE V.

(*Athens. The market place. In the centre, the tribune. At one side of the foreground an open corridor of the temple with its statues of the Gods, garlands of flowers and altars.*

(*Eve as Lucia, wife of the general Miltiades, with her son Cimon, attended by several servants, bearing offerings for sacrifice, goes up to the corridor of the temple. A beggarly throng surging about. Bright morning.*)

EVE.

This way, this way, beloved litle son!
See, yonder sailed thy sire, with swiftest fleet,
To battle on the realm's remote confines,
Where dwells a savage race, which boldly dares
The freedom of our native land to menace.
So let us pray, O, let us pray, my son,
That Heaven protect our native country's rights,
And thy brave father bring again to us.

CIMON.

Why does my father thus in distant lands
Fight to defend this dastard beggar race,
While his fair spouse laments and pines at home?

EVE.

Ah! thy good father mayest thou not judge,
For such a child is curséd of the gods,
It is the right but of the loving spouse

To grieve and murmur at his course, though if
He did not thus, it is she would feel the shame.
Thy father's acts beseem him, as a man.

CIMON.

Fear'st mother, he may weaken and surrender?

EVE.

No, no, my son; Thy valiant sire will win;
One thing alone, there is which I might fear;
He may not triumph o'er himself.

CIMON.

How so?

EVE.

A mighty word within the soul exists—
Ambition! Dormant in the slave it lies,
Or in his narrow sphere becomes a crime,
Though, when 't is roused, doth fill his whole existence,
But nourished with the blood of liberty,
It grows to civic virtue brightly glowing,
Which calleth into being all things great
And beautiful; but in excess, it turns
To combat with the mother, till one fall.
So if this tendency within his breast
Should grow to such extent that he betray
This sacred fatherland, it is I who then
Would curse him. Let us pray, and pray, my son.
(*They pass into the hall of the temple. Meanwhile, the crowd in the square has increased.*)

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

One heareth no exciting news; it seems
Our hosts have not yet met the enemy.

ANOTHER SPEAKER.

And here at home, so drowsy are they all,
Perhaps not one doth even forge a plan,
As in the olden time, to carry out,
The voices of the people needed were.
Since early morn, I've trod this place, and yet
Found not a single buyer for my vote.

FIRST SPEAKER.

How wearisome is life! what can we do?

THIRD SPEAKER.

No harm could come, from just a little turmoil.
(*Meanwhile Eve has lit the altar fires, washed her hands and prepared the sacrifice. Her servants intone a hymn, which is continued, stanza by stanza, during the scene. The market place fills with citizens and people. Two demagogues strive for the tribune.*)

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

Begone! This place belongs to me. The land
Will be in peril, if I do not speak.
(*The people cheer.*)

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.

It will be, if thou speakest. Hireling, down!
(*The people laugh and cheer.*)

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

No hireling thou, because not worth the hire.
Compatriots, in grief I raise my voice:
It wounds a noble heart, a great one thus
To trample in the dust, and a mighty man
I now must drag from his triumphal car..

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.

Thou scoundrel, well begun; with flowers adorning
The beast, which thou to sacrifice hast doomed.

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

Begone!

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Why to this scoffer do we list?
(*They pull at the second demagogue.*)

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

But though it wounds my heart, yet must I speak;
For thee, O worthy, princely race, I hold
Above thy general.

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.

This starved out mob,
So sordid souled, cow'ring like dogs, to catch
The leavings from the masters' board? Coward,
Thy taste I cannot envy.

FROM THE PEOPLE.

A traitor too
Is he. Down with him, down!
(*They press closer to him.*)

EVE.

(*Sacrificing on the altar, two doves and incense.*)
Holy Aphrodite, O receive
The sacrifice I on thy altar leave!
No laurels ask I for my spouse's brow,
The peace of home thou may'st on him bestow.
(*Amid the smoke of the incense, Eros appears smil-*

ing, surrounded by the Charites strewing roses over him. Group of worshipers sing in adoration.)

THE SERVANTS.

O grant her this behest!

EROS.

O'er her, may ever rest
The blessing of a guileless heart.

THE CHARITES.

And loving care, be the Charites' part!

SERVANTS.

O Aphrodite, we
Pour forth our thanks to thee!

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

Ye people hear the accusation then!
The great Miltiades betrays the land!

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.

Thou liest! Listen, or in shame ye'll come
To late repentance.

FIRST SPEAKER.

(*From the people.*)
Thou audacious one!
Down from here!
(*They pitch him down into the crowd.*)

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

The flower of your youth
Is in his hand, and Lemnos at one blow

He could have taken; but now he rests at Pharos,
For he is bought.

THIRD VOICE.
Then he must die!

FIRST CITIZEN.
Shout well,
Or I will turn you from my tenements!
(*The sacrifice ended, the divinities vanish.*)

EVE (*Rising.*)
What is that noise without? Let us inquire
My son.

CIMON.
A traitor is condemned, my mother.

EVE.
(*Stepping out on the stairs of the temple hall.*)
My heart is ever grieved, to see the great,
Subject to judgment by rapacious hordes;
When in the mire such splendor falls, with joy
Malignant gapes the mob, as if thereby
Their vileness, somehow, might be justified.

SECOND SPEAKER.
Oh! Sir, I'm hoarse, and I would like to yell.

SECOND CITIZEN.
Well here is aught, wherewith to oil thy throat.

SECOND VOICE.
(*From the people.*)
What am I to shout?

SECOND CITIZEN.
Say, "Death unto him!"

FROM THE CROWD.

Death! Death!

EVE.

Of whom now do they cry?

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.

Of whom, but of the one, who overtops
His fellows? That they cannot well endure.

EVE.

Of Miltiades? Ye Gods! and thou,
Old Crispos, whom my husband freed from bondage,
Now callest for his death!

CRISPOS.

Forgive, my lady,
But one of us may live, and he who bids
Me shout, supports me and three children.

EVE.

Woe
To thee if so thy fate can lower thee.
I can forgive, for thou must live; and thou,
Thersites! All, each one of you, each one,
Who lives in affluence and peace, which he
Secured for you by his great victory,
Ye ingrates!

THERSITES.

Ah! my lady, it is bitter.
But what do *we* do? 'T is the people's voice:
For who doth hazard his possessions all,
The rising billows at defiance setting?

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

The people's verdict, I will now pronounce.

LUCIFER.

(*As a warrior flying with terror in his face.*)

I give alarm. The foe is at the gates.

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

It cannot be, for our victorious leader
Doth march before!

LUCIFER.

The foe is even he.
He heard of your intent; his noble heart
Embittered by your foul, ungrateful acts,
E'en as ye speak—he comes with fire and sword.

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.

And this ye traitors have upon us brought!

FROM THE CROWD.

Then let them die! Long live our general!
Woe unto us! and flee whoever can,
For all is lost.

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

Not yet. Let all of us
Before him, at the city gates, appear,
And unto him our loving tribute pay.

EVE.

Ye Gods! The sentence that doth take my spouse
From me, gives pain, but oh! more bitter this,
'T is justified! Though still, I wish him back.

FIRST VOICE (*From the crowd.*)

Arrest his wife, and if he harm our city,
She and her child shall both be put to death!

EVE.

Most gladly would I die for thee, my spouse,
Did not the nations' curse rest on my child.

CIMON.

Fear not for me, my mother, come with me:
This holy place will shield us from all harm.
(*They escape from the crowd into the temple; two nymphs drop chains of roses between them and the crowd, causing the latter to retreat. The blare of trumpets is heard without, and the people scatter with lamentations. The nymphs vanish.*)

LUCIFER (*Laughing as he rubs his hands.*)
'T was a fine jest! Cold reason jokes can make
Where human hearts in agony will break.
(*Turning toward the temple.*)
If but the sight of that which is so fair
Rejuvenating, did not e'er impair
My work! it puts me in a chilly mood
Of discontent, in this strange sphere, where nude
Is chaste and pure, and e'en ennobled, sin,
The kiss of innocence, with roses, win
For fate, sublimity. When will descend
My world, that monster of dread doubt, to lend
Its force, to ridicule th' illusion fair,
Which raises man, e'en when bowed in despair.
To earth; but when he once encountereth
The terrors, and the agonies of death,
Will not this weary shadow come at last,
To such an end, as that I have forecast?

(Adam as Miltiades, is carried in, wounded, at the head of an armed regiment. People and demagogues suppliant before him.)

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Long live our general! Have mercy on us,
O great man!

ADAM.

What is your guilt, and why
Do ye entreat? For what can strong ones ever
From the weak demand? But neither wife
Nor child doth come to give me greeting, though
I hope that unto them, no harm has come.

EVE.

Why com'st Miltiades, if thine own spouse
Cannot rejoice o'er thy return? My son,
Thy mother swoons. Uphold—uphold her now—
Of thy good name, thy father hath bereft thee.

ADAM.

What's this? I do not comprehend. The crowd
For mercy begs; my own wife curses me,
While bleeds my bosom for my native land.

EVE.

The nation's heart, my own, doth bleed still more.
Why at the head of this great army com'st?

ADAM.

Doth not this escort suit my lofty rank?
I came, because this wound so serious
Allowed no longer to fulfill my trust;
And to account for every act of mine,
To those who sent me forth; and render back

To the majestic people, my commission.
My comrades, now ye are at liberty;
For ye have earned your hearth-stone's sweet repose
And now, Pallas Athena, on this shrine,
I consecrate to thee, this sword of mine.
(*He is borne to the steps of the temple. The soldiers disperse.*)

EVE (*Embracing him.*)
Ah! Miltiades, where could be found,
A happier spouse than thine, great, noble man!
And see, thy son, how like he is to thee;
How tall, how handsome grown!

ADAM.
My dear ones, ye!

CIMON.
Well did I know, whate'er my father did,
Was well.

EVE.
Oh! shame me not, for better far
Should I have known this spouse.

ADAM.
Present, my son,
Thy father's sword here as a sacrifice.

CIMON (*Hanging up the sword.*)
This sword so dear, take goddess, to thy care:
Until I come to claim it, once to wear!

EVE.
And to this double sacrifice, in turn
The mother comes, sweet incense here to burn.
(*Offers the incense.*)

FIRST DEMAGOGUE (*From the Tribune.*)
Spoke I not true that he a traitor is,
That to Darius, he is sold? The wound
Is but a subterfuge, not wishing now,
Against him to bear arms.

FROM THE PEOPLE.
Death unto him!

ADAM.
What is that noise without?

EVE.
A dreadful cry.
Miltiades, again they call thee traitor.

ADAM.
A traitor! Accusation ludicrous!
What, I, who won the day at Marathon?

EVE.
Alas, that it be so! A wicked world
Around us breathes.

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.
Why do ye not seize him?
(*The people rush up to the Temple, Lucifer among them.*)

EVE.
Safe art thou here within the temple's gate,
Miltiades, oh! do not move from here.
Why did'st disperse thy retinue of state?
To this vile nest, why did'st thou not set fire?
This worthless crowd deserves but slavery's chains;

They feel that thou art born o'er them to reign;
And feel that thou art nobler than them all,
And in their hatred, they would gladly slay thee,
That on their bended knees they may not fall
Beneath thy sway.

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

Ye hear, now, how doth speak
A traitor's wife?

EVE.

It is the woman's right,
Her husband, e'en when guilty, to defend;
The more, if he be pure and true, like mine:
His enemy, a bastard race, like this.

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

Why does this worthy race allow itself
To be bemeaned?

FIRST VOICE (*From the crowd.*)

But if she speaks the truth?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Who e'er holds to them, is a traitor too.
Yell, tattered herd, or famish, all of you!

FROM THE PEOPLE.

Death unto him!

ADAM.

Hide thou, my son, that ye
See not my blood. Flee woman, from my arms
Away! May'st thou escape the light'ning, which
Must strike the cliff; for I alone, must die.
Why should I live, knowing what folly, 't is,
The freedom for which all my life I've striven?

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.
Why do ye hesitate?

FROM THE PEOPLE.
Death unto him!

ADAM.
And still this cowardly race I do not curse;
They are not culpable; their nature it is
That want should make them slaves; and slavery
Degrade them thus to envious grovelers;
But I alone have been the fool, believing
That such a race had need of liberty.

LUCIFER (*Aside.*)
Now, thine own epitaph thou hast pronounced;
'Twill serve for many great ones after thee.

ADAM.
Lead me below! No longer will I claim
This temple's shelter.
(*Having laid Eve tenderly in the arms of the servants, he is carried to the steps.*)
Now then I am ready.

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.
Defend thyself, for nothing yet is lost.

ADAM.
Did I defend myself, 't would be to make
My wound but pain the more.

SECOND DEMAGOGUE.
Oh! do but speak!

For did the crowd not crawl just now in dust
Before thee?

ADAM.

This e'en makes speech unavailing;
For its own shame, the people ne'er forgive.

LUCIFER.

Hast thou regained thy senses?

ADAM.

Yes, indeed.

LUCIFER.

And see'st now, thou hast been a nobler ruler
To the people, than they have been to thee?

ADAM.

It may be, but corruption in them both
I find, although each bears a different name;
And both alone fulfill but fate's decree.
But then, oh! wherefore, wherefore, burneth e'er,
A soul, for aspirations high and great?
For self to live, 'twere better, seeking bliss,
Wherewith to fill this span of human life,
Inebriated, down to Hades roll.
Into new paths, now lead me, Lucifer,
And laughing, let me others' virtues view,
And others' woes, while all delights are mine.
Thou, woman, who (it dawns upon my soul)
Once in the wilderness, a bower for me
Did conjure, if thou, as a mother chaste,
My son dost raise to a good citizen,
A fool thou art, well meriting the jeers
Of the painted jade, who in the brothel sits,
Heated with wine, with longing, am'rous lips.
Be merry! Pleasure seek, denying virtue.

Now to the judgment bench, to expiate
My guilt, though not as one to low deeds fallen,
But like a great soul with high aims inspired.
(*Meanwhile the block is placed in front of the steps, by the side of which Lucifer stands, with an axe. Adam bends his neck.*)

FIRST DEMAGOGUE.

Let him be put to death! Long live our land!

LUCIFER (*Whispering.*)

A fine farewell, is 't not? Now, my brave lord,
Does not the raw, chill breeze of awful death
A faint and unknown shiver through thee strike?

EVE.

Pallas, thou has answered not my prayer!
(*From the temple flies the genius of death, a mild youth, holding a lowered torch and a garland, who approaches Adam.*)

ADAM.

Pallas has heard thy prayer, and Heaven is with thee,
For peace, my Lucia, to my heart is come.

LUCIFER.

Accurs'd be thou, vain world of dreams; once more
Thou has destroyed the bliss I was to gain.

EVE.

My curse on thee, thou heartless, pygmy crowd!
O'er happiness thou'st cast a blighting shroud;
And withered droop its blossoms fair, to die;
And all the sunshine freedom brought to thee
Was naught, as was its bitterness to me.

SCENE VI.

(*Rome. An open hall, with statues of gods and magnificent vases, in which incense is burning. View of the Appenines. In the centre a table, with three couches near it. Adam as Sergiolus, Lucifer as Milo, and Catulus, three debauchees. Eve, as Julia; Hippia and Cluvia, three courtesans in immodest garb, all drinking. On a tribune, gladiators are fighting. Slaves standing about awaiting orders; flute players dispense music. Twilight; later, midnight.*)

CATULUS.

How clever, graceful, yet how modest! See,
Sergiolus, that red-sashed gladiator;
And I will wager that he wins.

ADAM.

Oh! no!
By Hercules, he won't.

CATULUS.

Do not appeal
To Hercules; for who now in the gods
Believes? but swear by Julia, then I can
Believe.

ADAM.

Agreed:

LUCIFER.

For oaths, the soundest basis!
'Tis a false goddess in a false god's place.
But say, to what the oath in fact refers?

Dost swear but by her beauty, or thy love,
Or e'en by her fidelity to thee?

CATULUS.

All beauty fades; but e'en if it did not,
That which to-day attracts, satiety
To-morrow brings, and lesser charms allure
With all the magic force of novelty.

ADAM.

'Twas by her faithfulness I swore, for who
Doth squander more on his beloved than I?

HIPPIA.

O fool, can'st thou embrace her endlessly?
And if thou could'st,—thou, who insatiable,
Forever seekest bliss, would'st seek in vain
For charms, but one by one are scattered 'round,
And in one maid thou findest but a part,
While bliss and beauty, an ideal ever—
A magic dream, and unattainable
Doth float before thine eyes.—How dost thou know
That 'tis not but a mood, a passing dream
That lureth thee? A gladiator, crushed
And torn.

ADAM.

'Tis true, 'tis true; Hippia cease!
But why, like Tantalus, doth pleasure lure,
When we have not the strength of Hercules,
Nor Proteus-like, forever changing life?
The wearied slave, when ends his week of toil,
Enjoys an hour, such as his master craves
In vain; to wearied ones alone is bliss
A cooling draught, but death to him who plunges
Into the wave.

LUCIFER.

What worthy moral precepts,
On a fair maiden's breast, by spicy wines!
Ye make the wager then?

ADAM.

If I should lose,
Julia shall be thine.

CATULUS.

And if thou win'st?

ADAM.

Thy steed is mine.

CATULUS.

Another moon, and thou
May'st have her back, or to my fish pond I'll
Consign her.

LUCIFER.

See this fat fish, Julia? eat him,
For thou of others soon wilt be the prey.

EVE.

Will not the worms of earth thy flesh devour?
Let all who live enjoy life's every hour;
And be there one who can not, let him laugh,
And never cease, the flowing wine to quaff.
(*Drinks.*)

ADAM (*To the Gladiator.*)

Hey! Heed thee well!

CATULUS.

Upon him, like a brave!
(*The gladiator of Catulus falls, and raising his fin-*

ger, pleads for his life. Adam is about to give the sign of mercy, when Catulus stays his hand, and with clenched fist, the thumb directed toward the gladiator, gives the sign of death.)

CATULUS.

Recipe ferrum! Cowardly bastard! Slaves
Enough I have, and I no niggard am,
Who would begrudge fair women such a scene,
When so much sweeter is the kiss, the passion
More intense, if a little blood be shed.

ADAM.

The steed is mine! My Julia, come, embrace me!
But bear away the corpse! The dancers call,
And play us now a comedy! Of scenes
Like this we've had enough to-day.
(*The corpse is carried away, and the tribune is filled with dancers.*)

CATULUS.

Cluvia!
Do thou come too, for long I can not look,
When others do embrace.

LUCIFER.

We too, Hippia,—
May we not follow this example? But
First lick thy lips, that thereon be no poison.
There, sweetheart, now we can enjoy ourselves.

ADAM.

Why beats thy heart so violently now,
My Julia? I can scarcely rest upon it.

LUCIFER.

Just hear! This fool of hearts is speaking still!

CATULUS.

See, dear, I trouble not thy heart at all,
Do what thou wilt with it, if I know naught,
If ever ready burns thy kiss for me.

CLUVIA.

Thou lover generous, I drink to thee!
(*Drinking.*)

CATULUS.

'Tis well, 'tis well! But Cluvia, do not take
Thine arm so soft and cushioned breast from me;
And see, my wreath has fallen from my head!
(*To the dancers.*) Ah! what a masterpiece that figure was!
All that voluptuous fire, with grace combined.

CLUVIA.

I'll blindfold thee, if thou in them find'st charms
In which with them I vie; but from thee ne'er
Can I earn e'en one word of praise. (*Pointing to Lucifer.*) But look
Instead, on that sour face! What need has he
Of a fair maiden, if he can naught else
Than let her fall asleep, while with cold eyes,
And his sardonic smile, he but derides
The hundred sweet, though foolish little arts
Which add a flavor to companionship?

CATULUS.

In truth, a face like that perforce will freeze
The most poetic humor of whole crowds,
And deck them with a chill, funereal shroud.
He who withstands the moment's charm, and lets
His soul in brute indifference remain,

Can no good fellow be, and should remain
At home.

HIPPIA.

Indeed, I almost fear the poor one
Has even now contracted the black death,
Our city's scourge.

ADAM.

Away with this dark picture!
Let's have a wanton song! Who knows the best!

HIPPIA (*Singing.*)

Love and wine,
Ne'er decline;
From each bowl, now fragrance thine.
As the sun,
Shines upon
Graveyard stones,
Bleaching bones;
Bliss divine,
Brings maid and wine,
Into our life, till its decline.

Love and wine,
Ne'er decline;
From each maid new charms are thine.
As the sun,
Shines upon
Graveyard stones,
Bleaching bones,
Bliss divine
Brings maid and wine,
Into our life, till its decline.

CATULUS.

Most excellent! What, Cluvia, knowest thou?

CLUVIA (*Singing.*)
A foolish world it was of yore:
Lucretia in her widow's bed, for more
Delights yearned not; nor held she dear,
Nor burned her lips, for the cavalier.
'Stead in the brothel to conceal the smart,
With cold steel, pierced she deep her heart.
Let us rejoice! the world is wiser grown.
Let us rejoice! the old time ne'er bemoan!

ALL.
Let us rejoice! the world is wiser grown.
Let us rejoice! the old time ne'er bemoan!

CLUVIA.
A foolish world it was of yore.
Brutus sat not at his villa door;
But grasping his sword, to battle he went;
As a vile mercenary, spent
His blood upon the barren earth,
For the ragged herd, devoid of worth.

ALL.
Let us rejoice! the world is wiser grown.
Let us rejoice! the old time ne'er bemoan!

CLUVIA.
A foolish world it was of yore,
When heroes' brains grim phantoms bore.
At that which holy was, we sneer.
If in our circus should appear,
A couple idiots of that sort,
They'd furnish us the finest sport.

ALL.

Let us rejoice! the world is wiser grown.
Let us rejoice! the old time ne'er bemoan!

LUCIFER.

Ah! Cluvia, the palm to thee belongs.
I wish I were the author of that lay.

ADAM.

Thou sing'st not, Julia; why art thou so sad,
While all about thee merriment doth breathe?
Can'st thou not rest thee well upon my breast?

EVE.

Ah! well, too well. Sergiolus, believe,
'Tis only joy that maketh me to grieve;
The joy that laughs is not true happiness.
Into our bliss, a drop of bitterness
Doth ever seem to steal; a coming woe,
A vague foreboding, by which we well know
The moment is a flower and fades away.

ADAM.

E'en I this presage vague can not gainsay.

EVE.

And when unto these melodies I hark,
I do not grasp of uttered words the sense,
But o'er the waves of song, as in a barque,
I'm borne along as in a dream, far hence,
Into the distant past, neath palms, where gleams
Of sunlight fell, there where so guileless I,
In childish innocence, once played; my dreams
And aspirations noble were, and high.

'Twas but a dream delirious; forgive,
For now I wake; a kiss to thee I give.

ADAM.

Away with music and the dance, away!
These constant sweets, as boundless as the seas
Repulsive are to me; my heart doth yearn
For bitterness, for wormwood in my wine,
A sting on rosy lips, and peril near!
(*The dancers go away. Cries of agony are heard without.*)

ADAM.

What cry is that which pierces to the marrow?

LUCIFER.

They're crucifying several of those madmen,
Dreamers of justice and fraternity.

CATULUS.

Why did they not remain at home, forget
The world, enjoy their lives, and never care
For others' weal or woe?

LUCIFER.

The poor man says
Unto the rich, "Be thou my brother"; but,
Exchange the two, he'll nail him to the cross.

CATULUS.

Then let us laugh at power and misery,
The pestilence that decimates the city,
All fate divine!
(*Renewed shrieks.*)

ADAM (*To himself.*)

Methinks I see
The past, as back on wings of memory
I'm borne, when aspirations high did sway
My soul. Thus, Julia sweet, did'st thou not say?

EVE.

Yes.

(*It has grown dark. In front of the hall a funeral procession, burning torches, and mourning women are seen. The whole company seem to be overcome, and a painful silence prevails.*)

LUCIFER (*Laughing aloud.*)

I perceive the mirth from here has fled,
The wine all out, and wit and wisdom dead.
Must the *sour* gentleman replenish both?
Perhaps some one among us is afraid,
Or just converted.

ADAM (*Hurling his cup at Lucifer.*)

Perish, if thou so
Believest!

LUCIFER.

Now, let me invite among us
Another guest, who may perchance revive
Our mirth. Slaves! bring in him whom by the light
Of torches you accompany, for we
Would treat him to a cup of fiery wine.

(*The corpse is brought in an open coffin and placed upon the table. The funeral procession in the rear. Lucifer raises the cup of wine and toasts the corpse.*)

Drink deep! Thy turn to-day, to-morrow mine!

HIPPIA.

Perhaps thou yearnest for a kiss.

LUCIFER.

Then steal
The pest that lurks within his lips.

HIPPIA.

If thee
I kiss, why not kiss him as well?
(*Leans over the coffin and kisses the corpse. The Apostle Peter steps forth from the crowd.*)

THE APOSTLE PETER.

Stand back!
Thou breathest in the air of pestilence!
(*All rise in fright.*)

ALL.

The pestilence! How terrible! Away!

THE APOSTLE PETER.

You miserable, sinful, cowardly race!
While happiness about you smiles, ye're like
The fly that basketh in the sunshine, boldly,
Scornfully, on God and virtue trampling;
But when dread peril at your door doth knock,
Ye feel the mighty pressure of God's hand;
In doubt and abject terror, then ye quail.
Feel ye not now the weight of Heaven's wrath
Upon you? Look about you here: the city
Desolated, see! Your golden grain
Is trampled down by savage alien hordes.
All order is undone, for none command,

And none obey. Murder and rapine bold
Stalk now through the once peaceful domiciles,
Pale fear and horror leaving in their wake.
From Heaven nor from the earth, no mercy comes.
So ye cannot, with lust's intoxicant,
E'er frown this call, which penetrates the depths
Profound of hearts, which to more lofty aims
Doth vainly spur them. Is it then not true,
Voluptuousness bringeth no content,
But loathing waketh in the breast? And now,
Ye look about you, dumb and terrified,
With trembling on your lips. But all in vain!
No longer in the gods do ye believe;
In cold and stormy death they lie, crumbling
Into dust;

(*The images of the gods are seen, crumbling away.*)

And ye have not yet found
The new God, from this ruin rising. See!
But look around! What desolates the city
More than the plague? Thousands, from couches soft
Uprising, people the desert land of Thebes;
A nation of rude anchorites, who seek
To waken blunted sensibilities,
And elevate them. So this bastard race
Must perish, to clear and purify the land
For the new world, which now must take its place.

HIPPIA.

(*Having fallen down in front of the table.*)

O! Woe is me! How terrible the pain!
Cold sweat and fires of Orcus, alternating.
The plague! the plague! I perish. Is there none
Among you, who so long shared my delights,
Not one, to tend me now?

LUCIFER.

To-day, 'tis thou,
To-morrow, I, my sweet.

HIPPIA.

Then kill me, else
My curse will follow thee.

THE APOSTLE PETER (*Approaching her.*)

Curse not, poor maid.
Almighty God and I come to thine aid;
He is the everlasting God of love!
I raise thee now to His high realm above;
With holy water now I cleanse thy soul,
And thee 'mong his own faithful flock enroll.
(*Takes a bowl from the table and christens her.*)

HIPPIA.

'Tis well with me, my Father! now I rest.
(*Dies.*)

CATULUS.

Unto the desert Thebes to-day I'll flee;
For I this loathsome, sinful world detest.

CLUVIA.

Wait, Catulus, for I would go with thee!
(*They depart.*)

ADAM.

(*Advances, lost in thought.*)
And Julia, what dost thou do here, where death
Has killed all joy with its most cruel breath?

EVE.

Is not my place where thou my lover art?

Ah, me; thou could'st have found within my heart
The evidence of sentiments sublime,
If lust had not e'er been thine object prime.

ADAM.

Too true; the more the pity, that 'tis true,
That woe and misery must be our due;
For sin to suffer untold agony.
(*Kneels and raises his hand to heaven.*)
Oh! if above a mighty God there be;
If o'er us be his care and might, to earth
New races and ideals bring, the worth
Of man increase; be nobler aims begun.
We are but weak; help us, God, mighty one!
(*In the sky, the sign of the cross is visible; from behind the mountains is seen the glow of burning cities. From the mountain tops come barbarous people. From the distance sounds a pious hymn.*)

LUCIFER (*Soliloquizing.*)

This scene doth make me shudder somewhat, though
With man, I do not need to strive; for that
Which I cannot, he doeth in my stead.
This juggling I have seen before. When slow
The halo fades away, there still remains—
The bloody cross!

THE APOSTLE PETER.

The Lord hath heard thy prayer.
Look all around thee here; the mouldy earth
Will be reborn. These barb'rous warriors
In bearskin clad, thy fairest cities fire,
Their steeds down trampling fields of centuries,
Deserted temples into stalls converting.
Fresh blood they'll pour into th' impoverished veins;

And those who in the circus hymns entune,
Bleeding and torn, by ravenous lions' claws,
Will sow ideas new, fraternity
And individuality, to shake
The world's foundations.

ADAM.

I feel, I feel, the soul
Hath other yearnings, than for slothful joys,
Upon the pillow's swelling softness. Joy
More satisfying comes of shedding blood
For noble purposes.

THE APOSTLE PETER.

Then let this be
Thine aim; glory for God, and work for thee,
For personality is free, and all
Which therein is, may to account be brought,
But joined to one command, and that is love.

ADAM.

Then up to battle, and to inspiration
For the new principles, the world anew
Creating, whose blossom shall be chivalry;
The poetry, which at the altar's side
Shall bloom—ideal high of womanhood.

(*He departs, supported by Peter.*)

LUCIFER.

Impossible is that which lureth thee,
Though manly and though glorious it be!
It pleases God, it leads toward his care;
The devil laughs, it drives thee to despair!

(*Follows Adam.*)

SCENE VII.

(Constantinople. Market place, with citizens lounging about. In the centre, the palace of the Patriarch, to the right, a convent, to the left a grove. Adam as Tancred, in the prime of life, with other knights returning from the crusade of Asia. Waving banners and flourish of trumpets. Lucifer as his halberdier. Evening; later, night.)

FIRST CITIZEN.

Here comes again another savage horde.
Come, let us flee, and bolt our doors and gates!
They come to plunder, and are desperate.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Our women save; take heed! these brutes in mail
The pleasures of the harem too well know.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Our women too, the rights of conquerors.

ADAM.

Stop, men! don't run; why run away from us
Or see ye not this holy symbol here
Fraternally that binds us to one aim?
Into the heart of Asia we have borne
The light of our true faith, the law of love
To countless millions of barbarians,
Where our redeemer's holy cradle stood;
And 'mong you here, is there no charity?

FIRST CITIZEN.

We've heard such speech before, and often too,
When lo! fire brands into our houses flew.

ADAM (*To the knights.*)
This is, behold, the awful curs'd fruit,
Which grows, when we permit such robbers vile,—
Waving the holy banner in their hands,—
Our plans to prostitute, and this must be
The sad result, when cowardly flattery
Of the passions of the mob ahead
Doth press and take the lead. My knightly friends,
As long as with unblemished honor, we
Can draw the sword, for valor and defense
Of womankind, and glory of our God;
So long can we insist, that Providence
Has sent us forth, to curb those demons foul;
Despite their own base selves, to lead them back
To paths of virtue, which all men once trod,
Performing deeds sublime, and praising God.

LUCIFER.
Fair words thou speakest, Tancred, but if still
No longer by the people recognized
Wert thou, as leader?

ADAM.
Where the spirit is,
There is the victory, conquer I must.

LUCIFER.
But if they too this spirit have, wilt thou
Descend to them?

ADAM.
But why should I descend?
Were it not nobler them to elevate?
But to resign the dangers of the combat
In battle, because alone, were just as mean,

As small-souled, as with envy to reject
A comradeship in glorious victory.

LUCIFER.

Well! well! what has become of that great thought
For which the martyrs in the circus died?
And individual liberty is this?
'Tis of fraternity a wondrous sort.

ADAM.

Mock not, nor for one moment e'en believe
That I, the glorious teachings do not heed.
They fill my soul. Let him who feels himself
Inspired by the holy spark, go on,
And if he reaches us, with real joy
We will receive him in our midst, and then
A sword thrust raises him into our order.
But we must guard with vigilance the treasures
Of our order, while fermenting chaos
Prevails therein, while men still disagree.
Ah! were it here, ah! were it here, the day,
That day, when our redemption full shall be,
When all the barriers fall, when all is pure.
But I would doubt the advent of that day
If our Almighty God himself were not
The founder of the mighty work. My friends,
Ye see how we have been received, as waifs
Among the city's murm'ring populace;
So naught is left us now, but in yon grove,
Our camp to pitch, as we were wont to do
Among the pagan folk. A better time
Will come—March on, and I will join you there;
Each knight will answer for his retinue.

(*The crusaders withdraw.*)

(*Lucifer laughs mockingly.*)

LUCIFER.

A pity, that thy sentiments sublime,
Once more should like the famous apple prove;
Fair to the eye, but rotten to the core.

ADAM.

Hold! Hold! must e'er all things deride and scorn?
Hast thou foresworn all nobler sentiments?

LUCIFER.

If I believed, what then would it avail,
Thy kind believing not? This knightly order,
Which like a lighthouse, 'mid the ocean's waves
Thou'st set, sometime, a ruin standing there,
Its lights extinguished, will become a reef,
More perilous to the brave mariner
Than many others, which had never light.
All things that live, their blessings strewing round,
In time must die, the soul will take its flight;
The body liveth on, a carcass vile
Exhaling all its deadly miasmata,
In the new world, which 'round it doth unfold.
See, thus inherit we, from bygone times,
All that is grand.

ADAM.

Our order, now sublime,
When once it does dissolve, the holy doctrines
Will have permeated all the races,
Then there will be no danger more.

LUCIFER.

This Holy Word, it is, which I contend,
Becomes a curse, one which some day will rend

The whole of Christendom. This Holy Word
You twist and turn, until grown quite absurd;
You file and rasp, you sharpen and you split,
'Till it for bedlam makes man fit:
Although exact conceptions no man can
E'er grasp, you still will scrutinize and scan.
Look at this sword; it could be more or less
In length; a sword it still remains, confess.
We could continue this to weariness;
The exact boundaries we cannot guess.
I do admit thy senses feel the truth,
When on the whole a change occurs. Forsooth,
Why do I preach? This talk but wearies me,
Just look around and you will see.

(*A few citizens have again come on the scene.*)

ADAM.

My friends,
My people, weary, seek asylum here,
Perhaps not vainly, in the capital
Of Christendom.

THIRD CITIZEN.

It is a question, though,
If in your heresy, ye are not worse
Than pagans.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Say, dost believe Homoousian,
Or Homoiousian?

ADAM.

I comprehend not.

LUCIFER.

Betray thyself not! This is most important
Here.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

See how he hesitates. He is
A heretic.

OTHERS.

Away from them, away!
Let us conceal ourselves within our homes.
And cursed be he, who offers them asylum.

(*They disperse.*)

(*The Patriarch with his retinue, in princely pomp, comes out of his palace, followed by a crowd of friars leading some heretics in chains. Soldiers and populace in the rear.*)

ADAM.

I am amazed! Tell me, what prince doth there
Approach, so haughty and aggressive?

LUCIFER.

This
The arch priest is, successor of the apostles.

ADAM.

And that bare footed, ragged tribe, leading
The fettered prisoners, with joy quite unconcealed,
Beneath that semblance of humility?

LUCIFER.

A host of friars, Christian cynics.

ADAM.

Ne'er
Amid my native mountains, saw I such.

LUCIFER.

But later, thou wilt see them. Leprosy
Thou knowest, slowly spreads; but heed, that thou
Give no offense to this most virtuous people;
From this same cause, irreconcilable.

ADAM.

What virtue though, can such as these possess?

LUCIFER.

Mortification and self-abnegation
Their virtues are, which on the cross, thy Master
Once began.

ADAM.

Thereby he brought salvation
To the world; but God, these cowards blaspheme,
Like unto rebels, all his grace despising—
He who 'gainst a fly, as 'gainst a bear
Doth arm himself, and giveth battle, is
A fool.

LUCIFER.

But if they look upon the fly,
As if it were a bear, is 't not their right,
As real heroes of asceticism,
Is 't not their right, to chase to hell, those who
This life enjoy?

ADAM.

Like Thomas, do I see,
Believing not, but nearer, these delusions
Would I view.
(*Stepping up to the Patriarch.*)
My father, we are those
Who battled for the Holy Sepulchre,
And from our journey wearisome, we now

Would rest, but these receive us not, thou
Who art all-powerful, help us in our need.

PATRIARCH.

My son, to trifling work I can not now
Attend. God's glory and the people's weal
Require my judgment on the heretics,
That flourish as the weeds, exhaling 'round
Their poison, and although with fire and sword
We thin them out, with new strength, e'er they rise
And bring all hell upon us. Now, if ye
Are warriors and Christians, why seek ye there,
In distant lands, the Saracen? The foe
Is here more dangerous. Then rise! lay waste
The villages with women, children, age!

ADAM.

My father, dost not wish the innocent——

PATRIARCH.

The reptile too is innocent when small,
Or when his tooth of venom he hath lost;
Dost spare him then?

ADAM.

Ah! truly dire the sin
Must be, that so inflames the Church, whose law
Is that of love!

PATRIARCH.

My son, he loveth not
Who flattereth the flesh, but who leads back
The erring soul if even at the sword's point
If needful be, on through the flame, to Him
Who said, "Not peace, but strife, unto the world
I bring." These wicked heretics are teaching
The myst'ry of the Holy Trinity,

Homoiousian, when naught, the church
Has taught but Homoousian as a tenet
Of the faith.

FRIARS.

Death unto them! The stake
Burns even now.

ADAM.

Give up, my friends, the "i,"
A greater blessing waits the sacrifice,
In battling for the Holy Sepulchre.

AGED HERETIC.

O, Satan, do not tempt! for we shall lead
For the true faith, e'en as God hath ordained.

A FRIAR.

Ha! bold art thou. Dost thou the true faith claim?

AN AGED HERETIC.

Doth Rimini not speak for us, as well
As other synods numberless?

A FRIAR.

In paths
Of error wandered they, but Nicea
And others orthodox, did they so teach?

AGED HERETIC.

The partisans! how boldly they lead on
To argument with us, but answer now,
Where have ye, like to Arius, a father?
Or the two Eusebii?

FRIAR.

Have ye
An Athanasius then?

AGED HERETIC.

Your martyrs, though,
Where then are they?

FRIAR.

We have still more than you.

AGED HERETIC.

Fine martyrs, blinded by the devil's wiles,
To death condemned. Ye are great Babylon
I say, the whore, of whom St. John doth say,
She shall be wiped from off the earth.

FRIAR.

And ye,
The seven-headed dragon, antichrist,
Of whom St. John doth speak. Knaves and swindlers
Are ye all, companions of the devil.

AGED HERETIC.

Robbers, serpents, whorers, jugglers, ye!

PATRIARCH.

Away with them! We have delayed too long,
For our God's glory. To the stake with them!

AGED HERETIC.

For God's glory, well thou sayest, knave;
For God's glory, falls the sacrifice.
Ye are the stronger ones, and have your will;
But heaven will judge, if good your deeds. E'en now
Your hours of sin are told, for from our blood,
New warriors will be born, for thought will live.
The fire that upward flames, will light the world
For future centuries. Then come, my friends,
Unto this death of glory, let us go!

THE HERETICS (*Singing in chorus.*)

(1.) My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me? and why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

(2.) Oh, my God, I cry in the day time, but thou hearest not, and in the night season, and am not silent.

(3.) But thou are holy.—(XXII Psalm.)

THE MONKS (*Breaking into the song.*)

(1.) Plead my cause, Oh Lord, with them that strive with me, fight against them that fight against me.

(2.) Take hold of shield and buckler and stand for mine help.

(3.) Draw out also the spear and stop the way against them that persecute me.—(XXXV Psalm.)

(*In the meantime, the Patriarch has resumed his march. Several friars with tracts mingle with the crusaders.*)

LUCIFER.

Why standest thou, so dumb and fearful, say!
See'st thou a tragedy? As comedy
If thou dost view it, 'twill amuse thee well.

ADAM.

Ah, do not jest! So for an "i", they go
Resignedly to death! What then is high,
And what is great?

LUCIFER.

That which perchance to others
Is ridiculous. 'Tis but a hair
That these two conceptions doth divide;
A chord within the heart, that gives the verdict;

That judge mysterious, called sympathy,
Which defies, or killeth with contempt.

ADAM.

But why must all this sin before me rise,
This trivial strife in wisdom's proud domain,
This fatal venom, masterfully drawn
From out the brightest and the freshest flower?
And once I knew this blossom fair, in days
Of our blest faith's maturing time. Who was
The culprit who hath crushed it to the earth?

LUCIFER.

This culprit was but victory itself,
Which through a thousand interests, divides,
While peril binds and strengthens, thus creating
Martyrs, as among those heretics
One sees.

ADAM.

In truth, I'd cast aside my sword,
And northward to my native land would I
Return, where in the shade of ancient forests,
Honor and pure simplicity still live,
—Despite the subtle poison of the times,—
But for a voice that whispers to my soul;
To me, 'tis given, to reform the age.

LUCIFER.

Vain effort! As an individual,
You wilt accomplish naught against the age;
'Tis a stream, which bears along, or sinks;
Wherein each one must swim, and none control.
Those whom the chronicler calls great, are those
Who comprehend their time, but give not birth
To new ideas, for never comes the dawn

At crowing of the cock, but when the dawn
Approaches, then the cock doth crow. See! those
Who in their fetters rush to martyrdom,
With scorn upon them heaped, a generation
In advance can see; now 'bout them, dawn
Ideas new, for which they die; their offspring
Will imbibe them with the air, unwitting.
But leave we this, and look a little, there
Toward thy camp. What do those dirty monks?
What wares sell they? Of what, then, do they prate,
To that accompaniment of gestures wild?
Come, let us list.

A Monk.

Brave warriors and knights
Here is your greatest chance. This book indites
What's to be done in your most sorry plights;
This book will show how long your souls in hell
For theft, or for church robbery must dwell;
How long for fornication or for rape.
It teaches also, how you can escape
Hell's tortures, by the payment of a fine;
How much it is, this book will here define.
The rich man pays each year, a score and odd
Soldi, though the poor appeases God
With three; and if he cannot pay e'en three,
The peace of his poor soul may purchased be,
By several thousand lashes well applied.
Come, buy my books, your conduct's surest guide.

The Crusaders.

This way with it to us, here, saintly father!

Adam.

You wicked purchasers, and sellers too!
Quick, draw the sword, and scatter this vile market.

LUCIFER.

Your pardon, but this monk is my old comrade
And I dislike not men like unto this.
If thus, God's glory can be heightened, then
Thereby, mine own is raised proportionately;
'Tis thou who art a little in the lurch.
(*Eve, as Isaura, with Helen her maid, rushes, sobbing, to Adam, followed by crusaders, who steal away.*)

EVE (*Swooning.*)

Protect me, hero!

ADAM (*Lifting her up.*)

Rise, O noble dame!
Here art thou safe, but raise those beauteous eyes
Entrancing! Ah! what hath befallen her?

HELEN.

We were enjoying nature's beauties there,
Within our garden's deepest shaded bower;
While thoughtless resting on the turf an hour,
We listened to the nightingale, with keen
Delight, and sang ourselves, when lo! between
The shrubs, appeared two burning lustful eyes;
Affrighted, we had but the time to rise
And run, pursued, oh! think of it—by four
Of your crusaders we had not seen before,
And panting, with tremendous strides, they flew
And almost caught us, when we came to you.

ADAM.

I scarcely know if I could breathe a prayer,
For her to wake; she like a vision fair,
Might vanish. How can a body be so noble,
Spiritual, and adorable?

LUCIFER.

Spiritual body! Fate indeed,
Could not chastise the lover more than heed
His insane wishes, make him realize
All that in her he doth idealize.

ADAM.

Methinks, e'er this, that thou to me wert known,
That we together stood, before God's throne.

LUCIFER.

By all things, I beseech thee, when alone,
Make love as pleaseth thee, and sigh and moan.
That which delectable may be, for two,
Is to a third, insipid, that eschew.

ADAM.

She wakes—she smiles! I thank thee, God on high.

EVE.

For saving me, brave knight, how e'er can I
Thank thee?

ADAM.

Thy gentle speech is sweet reward.

LUCIFER (*To Helen.*)

Meager enough. But dost thou regard
My claim in gratitude from thee?

HELEN.

That's good!
Why do I owe thee any gratitude?

LUCIFER.

Dost think, that where the knight saves lady fair,
He also saves the abigail? I swear,
That's vain conceit. If dames are saved by knights,
Then for the ladies' maids the esquire fights.

HELEN.

What do I gain? If grateful I to thee
It is as if thou had'st not rescued me;
If not, still, I were damned. The four men who
Pursued us now, to give them their just due,—
Were after all not ill.

ADAM.

Fair lady where
Wilt thou be led?

EVE.

Before us over there,
The convent's door.

ADAM.

The convent's door, hast said?
Shall with its closing all my hopes have fled?
A token give me, pray, which I may tie
Here to my cross, and let it signify
That while for Christ and his great cause I fight
'T will bring again this dream, so fair, so bright.
That not too wearisome the waiting be
The years, beyond which, beckoneth to me
The prize.

EVE.

Here, take this ribbon.

ADAM.

But 'tis dark,
Not woe give me, fair lady, but the spark
Of hope.

EVE.

My pledge it is, for I in darkness grope.
Within the convent's walls, there is no hope.

ADAM.

Nor love; and yet where e'er thou art, sweet maid,
There must be love. Thou art not yet arrayed
As nun?

EVE.

With questions cause me no more woe;
For grieve I must, to see thy sadness grow.

LUCIFER (*To Helen.*)

And will the convent door close too on thee?

HELEN.

Of course, but to the bottom of the sea,
The key's not thrown.

LUCIFER.

A thousand pities too,
For what fine elegies I then might hew,
From that sad circumstance.

HELEN.

Deceiving wight,
Begone! away, away, out of my sight!

LUCIFER.

But why? My love to prove, I only strive,
And for the key, to ocean's depth I'd dive.

HELEN.

Ah! not so much, ask I of thee.

LUCIFER.

I go.
I feel the monster of the deep below;
E'en now, he snaps at me.

HELEN.

Come back! Of fear,
I'll surely die, if thou depart'st from here.
Thou'lt find the key upon my window sill.

ADAM.

Tell me thy name, at least, my prayers I'll fill
With breathings of it, show'ring blessings o'er thee,
For thou permit'st me not thy misery
To share.

EVE.

Isaura is my name, brave knight;
And what is thine? for prayers to recite,
The nun beseems.

ADAM.

Tancred am I.

EVE.

God be
With thee, Tancred.

ADAM.

Oh! go not! hear my plea,
Isaura, or I'll curse the name which I
First heard thee utter, in the sad good-bye.
Swift passed the moment, even for a dream;
If I know not the mystic golden seam

Of thy dark fate, I cannot even weave
This dream into a picture fair, believe.

EVE.

My father for the Holy Grave did fight,
While in his camp 'mong savages, one night
The brutal foe came on him unaware;
Seeing no hope, he solemnly did swear
Upon the cross, that should he win the strife,
And to his home return again, in life,
He'd dedicate to Virgin Mary mild
His little child, myself.—Good fortune smiled,
He won. Returning, he renewed his vow
Upon the Blessed Host, and I did bow
My will.

ADAM.

O Holy Mother, far above,
Thou pure embodiment of holy love!
And did'st thou then, not sore offended, turn
From that unholy vow, and did'st not spurn
Those, who of thy most godlike virtue, dare
To make but beastly mockery and snare,
And change Heaven's richest grace into a curse?

HELEN.

To hear my story now, art thou averse?

LUCIFER.

The story of thy life, I know is this,
Thou lov'dst and wert betrayed, but not amiss,
Thou lov'dst again, this time thou didst deceive?
Then still another love, who I believe
But bored and wearied thee. Thy heart's now void
And waits, with a new love to be employed.

HELEN.

Peculiar! Is the devil himself in thee?
But, that thou couldst believe my heart were free
At present, did I not think thee so poor.

LUCIFER.

My Lord, make haste, for thou can'st not endure
The sad words of the last farewell to bid,
While of my conquest, I can scarce get rid.

ADAM (*To Eve.*)

Each word of thine is like a poisoned dart
Give me one kiss, to heal my wounded heart.

EVE.

Brave knight, what dost thou ask? Thou'st heard
my vow.

ADAM.

Ay! but my love for thee, thou must allow.

EVE.

Thou art, or can'st be happy yet, but how
Can I forget? My strength is waning now;
I go—farewell—we'll meet in Heaven some day.

ADAM.

Farewell. The memory of this hour, for aye
I'll guard.

HELEN.

Ah! coward, must I do all! (*aloud.*) The key,
Will in the window be, not in the sea.

ADAM (*Rousing himself.*)

Now let us go.

LUCIFER.

It's late, and all is o'er.
Such is thine insane race; from shore to shore
They float. Women, you men regard one day
As tools, to satisfy the lustful play
Of all your beastly passions, with brute glee
You wrest the pollen of the poetry
From her fair cheek, robbing yourselves, thereby
Of love's most precious blossom. Ah! what fools
You are! Another sentiment then rules:
To-morrow, then, you place her side by side
With God, upon his altar deified!
For her ye vainly strive brave war's alarms,
Until unfruitful, fade her sterile charms,
But why not recognize her, honor too,
In her own woman's sphere, as is her due?
(*In the meantime, it has grown dark. The moon rises. Isaura and Helen at the window.*)

EVE.

How longingly he gazed, this hero brave,
E'en trembled as so lovingly he gave
His promise sweet, but virtue and my vow,
But sacrifice and suffering allow.

HELEN.

'Tis wonderful, how foolish is our sex!
If prejudices, which harass and vex,
We overcome, we run like to the brute
To satisfy our lust: each attribute
Of worth eschew and sink into the mire.
And if not so, if we curb all desire,
Then of our shadows e'en afraid we are,
Ourselves of all delights of love debar,

And suffer all our charms to fade and dry,
Ourselves and others, sweetest joys deny.
Why follow not a medium line or road?
What's wrong, in just a harmless episode?
A tender scene, in strict propriety?
But woman's soul, extremes alone can see.

EVE.

Helen, look! See, is he still standing here
For how could he so quickly disappear?
Oh, how I long for his dear voice, the sound.

ADAM (*To Lucifer.*)

Is she still at the window! Look around!
Will she not then one glance send after me?
Once more would I her radiant beauty see.
Isaura, pardon me that still I'm here.

EVE.

For both of us, 'twere better if elsewhere
Thou wert. The heart's wounds quickly heal, but stir
The heart strings, sorrows new we then incur.

ADAM.

And fear'st thou not to look upon the night,
Which like a mighty heart with love replete,
Doth throb, where all but we in love delight?
Fair nature's voice, will it not rouse the sweet,
The magic charm of love?

EVE.

All this, believe,
I, too, as in a fairy dream, perceive,
A vision, as it were. On wings of air
I hear in dulcet tones a song most fair;

I see the smiling genii legionwise,
From flow'ring chalice and from shrub arise,
Fraternal kisses sending o'er and o'er;
But Tancred, they will speak to us no more.

ADAM.

Why no! Why not? Withstand can this frail wall,
The arm, which many a bulwark caused to fall,
In pagan lands?

LUCIFER.

The age to thee, saith "No!"
And stronger 'tis than thou.

ADAM.

Who saith 'tis so?
(*In the rear the fires of the friars have been lit.*)

THE HERETICS (*Singing in the distance.*)

(21.)

Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog.

(22.)

Save me from the lion's mouth, for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.

(23.)

I will declare thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the congregation I will praise thee.

EVE.

Have mercy, God, upon their sinful souls!

ADAM (*Horrified.*)

That awful song!

LUCIFER.

Your nuptial hymn dost hear.

ADAM.

Ah, be it as it may! for thee, sweet maid,
All things to suffer, I would have no fear.

THE MONKS.

(26.)

Let them be ashamed and brought to confusion together that rejoice in my hurt.

(27.)

Let them shout for joy and be glad that favor my righteous course, yea let them say continually: Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.

(*At the beginning of this psalm Adam had stepped in front of the convent door. From the tower comes the shriek of an owl, witches descend from all around, and in front of Adam a skeleton rises from the ground, and stands, threatening.*)

EVE (*Slamming the window.*)

Oh, help me God!

THE SKELETON.

From this sacred threshold, go!

ADAM.

Who art thou, spectre?

SKELETON.

He who will bestow
His presence on thee, in her ev'ry kiss,
And each embrace thou stealest for thy bliss.

WITCHES (*Jeeringly.*)

Bitter harvest from sweet seeds;

With the dove, the serpent breeds.
Isaura, thee we call!

ADAM.

What hideous shapes!
Are ye transformed, or I? I knew you once,
When ye did smile. What is reality
And what, delusion? And how your magic now
Enervates me!

LUCIFER.

How unexpectedly
I came upon this dear society.
How long have I awaited this great pleasure,
This lovely cohort of well-mannered witches.
The naked nymphs in boldness far excelling;
And this old comrade, spectral death, repulsive
Unto the sons of earth, doth parody
Stern virtue. Greetings, all; a pity 'tis,
That I may not with you in gossiping
Here pass the night. (*The apparitions vanish.*)
Up, Tancred! thy belovéd
Has closed her window. Why stand we in the night?
The breeze is chill, and thy reward will be,
The gout. Besides, Helen will soon be here,
And what then can I do? Methinks the devil
May never fall in love and make himself
Ridiculous forever, less'ning thus
His power. 'Tis marvelous that thus, mankind
With burning, with intense desire, doth yearn
For love, yet reapeth sorrow; but the devil
Alone with icy heart is able, thus,
In time, from all to extricate himself.

ADAM.

Ah! bear me, Lucifer, to a new life.
For holy aims I have endured the strife,

And curses found, of misconceptions born;
And for the glory of our God—what scorn—
They're burning men alive! Oh, how I tried
For men, enjoyments nobler to provide;
To which, howe'er, they ruthless applied
The stamp. "This is a sin." I planted deep
The love of knightly virtues, tried to keep
The standard high. Ah! she herself applied
The deadly poniard, and my love has died.
Away from here, away! Let me be hurled
Into a new, into another world.
I've proven well my worth, and shown that I
Could bravely fight, and could myself deny
That which was dear to me. I'm not ashamed
To leave the place which I so boldly claimed.
Naught more in me, shall inspiration's glow
Again arouse. Let all things come and go;
The earth roll on, be it for woe or weal,
I shall not try to regulate its wheel.
Indifferently I'll look on, nor care
For aught; so let repose be now my share.

LUCIFER.

Then take thy rest, but I can scarce believe
Thy spirit's restless force will grant reprieve
For long, and strife again will conquer thee
In thy repose. Come, Adam, follow me!

SCENE VII.

(*Prague. The garden of the imperial palace. To the right, a bower; to the left, an observatory, in front of which is a broad, low window, with Kepler's writing desk. Chairs and astronomical appliances. Lucifer, as Kepler's famulus on the podium. Courtiers and ladies walking about in groups in the garden, among them Eve, as Barbara, Kepler's wife. The Emperor Rudolph is in earnest conversation with Adam, as Kepler. In the distance a burning stake, at which a heretic is being put to death. Evening; later, night. Two courtiers pass in the foreground.*)

FIRST COURTIER.

Who's warming yonder, heretic or witch?

SECOND COURTIER.

I do not know. No longer 'tis the mode
To take the interest we erstwhile felt.
The commonfolk alone now gather 'round
The stake, but not e'en they because of joy;
They only look, and murmur to themselves.

FIRST COURTIER.

In my time, such events were festivals,
And all the court and the nobility,
The edifying spectacle would view. (*Exeunt.*)

LUCIFER.

A fire on this cool ev'ning 's not amiss,
And quite a while it has been burning, too;
But yet, I fear,—there be strong likelihood

That it will die, extinguished, not by new
And manly principles; there being none
In their indifference to feed the flame
With but a log; so I must freeze. Slight causes
Must e'er affect the fall of one great thought.
(*Enters the tower.*)
(*Rudolph and Adam stepping to the foreground.*)

RUDOLPH.

Now Kepler, cast my horoscope. Last night
I had an evil dream, and anxious wait,
To know in what conjunction stands my star.
Misfortunes in the court rose in the past.
There, by the Serpent's head.

ADAM.

Thou'lt see, my Lord.
That which thou dost command will be obeyed.

RUDOLPH.

When once the day's climacteric are o'er,
We'll start anew the work which we began;
The work which unsuccessful now remains.
But I have been reading Hermes Trismagistus,
Synesius, Albertus, Paracelsus;
The Key of Solomon, and other works.
I think I know where the mistake was made;
When we did heat the black tellurium,
The raven and red lion did appear;
And then the duplex mercury developed.
From the conjunction of the planets twin,
Descended in the sediment the stone
Of the philosophers. But then, we lacked
The liquid fire, and the dry water, too;
So did not gain the glorious result:

The holy marriage, which into the veins
Of age, pours youth, and purest gold can make
From metal base.

ADAM.

I comprehend you, Sire.

RUDOLPH.

Now, one word more! Evil reports of thee,
Are circulating in the court, that thou
To the new doctrines, hast attached thyself;
The deeds of Holy Church dost criticise.
Now, while thy mother, as an odious witch,
In prison, 'neath the weightiest accusation
Lies, thou too, and justly, art suspected;
So obstinate and unremitting, thou
Dost strive to gain her freedom.

ADAM.

Royal Lord,
Most certain 'tis, I am her son.

RUDOLPH.

My son,
The Holy Church, a truer mother is,
This world is good enough, just let it be;
Do not attempt to make it o'er again.
Have I not heaped upon thee honors great?
Thy father was the landlord of an inn;
But thy nobility, beyond all doubt
I placed, though surely 'twas no easy task;
I raised thee to my throne; gave thee a chance
To win the hand of lovely Barbara Müller,
And hence I say, be vigilant, my son.

(*Exit.*)

(*Adam, lost in thought, stands by the stairway, leading to his podium. Two courtiers come forward.*)

THIRD COURTIER.

See, how absorbed is the astronomer!

FOURTH COURTIER.

'Tis jealousy doth ever torture him.
Poor fellow! it is evident that he
Cannot adapt himself to his new station,
But still betrays his peasant origin.

THIRD COURTIER.

And he cannot conceive, that a true knight,
While worshiping a woman, only sees
A goddess pure, for whom he'd gladly die;
If slander e'er so lightly touched her name,
His bosom waxeth warm in her defense.

(EVE—*With another group, meeting the courtiers, laughingly taps the second courtier on the shoulder with her fan.*)

Sir Knight, thou art a wag. Do cease thy jesting;
I'll laugh myself to death at thy droll speech.
See of those two, th' exceeding serious air.
Then has th' accursed spirit of reform
Descended o'er you, too? Out of my sight!
For I cannot endure the sight of men
Who so begrudge us this bright, peaceful world,
And must create a new one of their own.

THIRD COURTIER.

Sweet dame, this change cannot apply to us:
Who'd wish for change in such society?

FIRST COURTIER.

If I do not mistake, there is a man,
Upon whose face is stamped this sign of gloom.

EVE.

My husband, he, poor man? Oh, gentlemen,
For God's sake, in my presence, let him be,
From all suspicion free, for I to him
Am pledged, by the most holy tie. He's ill,—
'Tis certain, very ill.

SECOND COURTIER.

'Tis not surprising;
He fell a victim to thy lustrous eyes.

THIRD COURTIER.

Indeed! That which none other dares, does he—
Too jealously suspect his wife? I swear
I'd happy be, if I could, as thy knight,
The gauntlet throwing, challenge him to combat.
(*By this time they reach Adam.*)
Ah! Master, 'tis good fortune that we meet.
I wish to journey to my country seat,
And fain would have the weather prophecies.

FIRST COURTIER.

And for my son, I'd have thee read the stars;
Last night, past midnight, to the world he came.

ADAM.

To-morrow morn, Sirs, both will be prepared.

FOURTH COURTIER.

The company depart; let us go, too.

THIRD COURTIER.

Here is the stairway, I bid thee good-night.
(*Whispering.*) An hour from now.

EVE (*Whispering.*)

The bower at the right.
(*Aloud*)
Good-night to all of you. Come, my dear John.
(*All go; Adam and Eve on the podium; Adam throws himself into a large armchair; Eve stands before him. It grows darker and darker.*)

EVE.

I need some money, John.

ADAM.

Hast thou not drawn
Already, all I had?

EVE.

Must I then e'er,
From poverty, be made a sufferer?
The ladies of the court resplendent are,
As peacocks gay, while I must feel ashamed,
Before them to appear; and when sometimes
A courtier, before me, bowing low,
Doth smiling call me queen among the fair,
I must feel shame for him who thus to court
Doth send his queen.

ADAM.

Do I not day and night,
My learning market, but for thee? foretell
The weather's course, and e'en besmirch myself
By reading horoscopes, the truth deny,
Proclaiming that which well I know is false?

And I must blush, for worse have I become,
Than were the sybils, who at least believed
Their prophecies, while I do not believe.
And yet, I do this for thy sake alone;
To please but thee, do I receive the wage
Of sin. Naught do I want, beneath the sky,
Except the mystic music of the spheres;
The rest is thine. The emperor is poor,
But when I importune him, he will pay,
And that which on the morrow I receive
Is thine. But, wife, I notice with regret,
That thou ungrateful art.

EVE (*Weeping.*)

Dost thou forget,
While boasting of thy sacrifice, that I
Have sacrificed for thee, a great deal more?
Thy rank was doubtful, but my own was high;
But e'en this difference, I did o'erlook,
And married thee, enabling thee thereby,
To rise. Deny, then, ingrate, if thou can'st,
All this.

ADAM.

Is knowledge then of doubtful rank?
Doubtful, the ray which from high heaven descends
Upon my brow? Is aught more noble then,
Than this? That which ye designate as noble,
A dying idol is, which soon will fall;
But my nobility will live for aye,
The heir of strength and of eternal youth.
Ah! woman, if thou could'st but understand;
A kindred soul had'st thou, as pure and grand
As I believed, when I the first kiss gave
To thee, ah! then, thou would'st be proud of me,
And would'st not seek, thy happiness to find,

Elsewhere than in my heart, where thou'rt enshrined;
Thou would'st not give thy sweetness to the world,
And to thy hearthstone all the bitterness.
Oh! woman! boundless was my love for thee;
I love thee even now, though to despair
I'm driven by the bitter in the sweet
Of this love's honeycomb. It pains my heart,
To know how noble could thy soul have been,
Most womanly of women, a true queen,—
Did fate not ruthless intervene. 'Tis true;
Now, woman is a toy divinity,
Where knighthood her, as a fair goddess knew;
But then—'twas a great age—the knights believed
In womanhood. To-day—a pigmy race—
No one believes; and this idolatry
Is but a cloak for foul iniquities.
I'd grant thee a divorce, tear out my heart,
Ah! though it would pain—I'd bravely do my part;
I would submit, if thou but happy wert;
But there's the well-established rule and law,
The church, which holds us in her iron grasp,
And we till death, each other must endure.
(*Rests his head in his hands. Eve gently pats his head.*)

EVE.

No, my dear John! Subdue, I pray, thy grief.
If now and then I say some things that hurt,
I do not give thee sorrow, wittingly;
You see, peculiar are they at the court;
The dames so proud and scornful, mock and jeer;
And shall I set myself against them all?
There is no anger, now between us, is there?
Good-night! The money don't forget, at morn.
(*Goes down the stairs into the garden.*)

ADAM.

What strange commingling of evil and of good,
Of honey and of venom woman is;
Most wonderful! and why does she attract?
Because the good in her, is of herself,
The evil of the age that gave her birth.
Hey, famulus!
(*Lucifer enters, with a lamp, which he places on the table.*)

LUCIFER.

Dost thou command, my master?

ADAM.

The weather prophecies, and horoscope
Of birth, I need. Prepare them speedily.

LUCIFER.

Of course, one must be fair, the other bright;
For who wants for his money, homely birth?

ADAM.

But still, not to improbability.

LUCIFER.

Such things, as would a parent scandalize,
I never could invent. A new Messiah
Is not each newborn child? a shining star
On the horizon of the family rising,
But later, to a scamp developing? (*Writes.*)
(*Eve has come to the bower. The third courtier meets her.*)

THIRD COURTIER.

'Tis cruel, thus to let me languish here.

EVE.

Perhaps too great, the sacrifice may be,
T' endure the chill nightwind, while I deceive
A noble spouse, and to the curse of Heaven,
And censure of the world, expose myself.

COURTIER.

Ah! Heaven's curse, the censure of the world,
Rule not, within this dark and hidden bower.

ADAM (*musing.*)

I sought an age, wherein there was no strife;
Wherein the beaten path of social order,
And sacred judgment were by none disturbed
That I might find repose, with guileless joy
And healing, for the wounds of warfare long.
'Tis here; but what avails it, if the soul
Still live, this holy immortality
Of pain, which, foolish man, as heritage
From Heaven hath received; which longs for action,
Giving no repose, but rising e'er
To combat slothful lust. Hey! bring me wine
My famulus! for 'tis a frosty earth,
And I must warm it. In this puny age,
In this wise, must we call forth inspiration,
That from corrupted clay we may escape.
(*Lucifer brings wine. Adam drinks until the close of the scene.*)
Unfold! unfold! O boundless Heaven on high,
The leaves of thy mysterious book, that I
Of thy laws, here and there, may find a trace,
While I forget all things of time and space.
Thou art eternal; transitory they;
Thou raisest, while they drag the earthward way.

COURTIER.

Oh, Barbara! if thou could'st be my own!
If God would call thy spouse unto himself,
Into that Heaven, which he doth know so well,
And which to know, his whole life he has toiled.

EVE.

Be silent, knight! So great my sorrow were,
That for my tears, I could not even kiss thee.

COURTIER.

Thou'rt jesting.

EVE.

I am speaking but the truth.

COURTIER.

Who comprehends this enigmatic mood?
Oh! Barbara! certain 'tis, thou lov'st me not;
Or say, if exile were to be my lot,
If poor, what would'st thou do, to prove thy faith?

EVE.

Most certainly, I cannot tell that now.

ADAM.

Oh! will there come a time, which shall dissolve
This cold indifference, therefrom evolve
New energies, look boldly in the face
Of all this antiquated rubbish base,
To judge and to reward, to onward press,
Nor fearing dreadful means, dare to express
The hidden thought, which will its course pursue
Like some great avalanche, the prophet too
To crush, who first did utter it! I hear,

(*The strains of the Marseillaise are heard.*)
I hear the song of future days, so clear,
That powerful talisman, that will efface
The earth's decrepitude, renew the race.

SCENE IX.

(*The scene changes suddenly to the Place de Grève in Paris. The balcony is transformed into a guillotine-podium; the writing desk into a guillotine, at the side of which sits Lucifer, as hangman. Adam as Danton, speaks from the end of the balcony to the noisy crowd below. Amidst the beating of a drum a very ragged crowd of recruits take their position about the stand. Bright day.*)

ADAM (*Continuing.*)
Freedom, equality, fraternity!

THE CROWD BELOW.
Death unto him who does not recognize them!

ADAM.
Thus say I, too—Two words alone, have saved
The great idea, threatened on all sides.
Unto the true, we say but this: "The land
In peril is," and they awake;—we thunder
Unto the wicked, one word—"Tremble!"—they fall.
The kings 'gainst us did rise; to them, we threw
Our sovereign's head; and when the clergy rose,
Wrenching their fulminations from their hands,
We placed upon her throne, long persecuted

Reason. But the second call, our country
Sends unto the true, dies not away.
Eleven regiments now on the confines
Fight; and constantly, our valiant youth
Are pressing forward, the fallen heroes, thus
Replacing. Who can say, bloodthirsty fury
Will decimate the nation? If hot the metal,
The dross falls off, the nobler part remains.
What matter if bloodthirsty now we be,
As monsters may they even look upon us,
If but the land be great and free?

RECRUITS.

Weapons!
Give us but weapons, and a general!—

ADAM.

How brave! And yet your further needs alarm
All patriots; your clothes in rags, and bare
Your feet, but willing, all these needs to suffer,
With bayonets you'll gain great victories,
And all you need; for you will win; the people
Are invincible. On the guillotine
An army leader's blood was seen to flow,
For he allowed himself to be defeated.

THE PEOPLE.

A traitor he!

ADAM.

Well said! We all agree.
No other treasure has the populace
Than their blood, which they magnanimously,
Prodigally shed for fatherland.
And who this richest treasure 'neath the sun

Commands, and fails to conquer all the world,
A dastard mean, or traitor base must be.
(*An officer steps forth from among the recruits.*)

OFFICER.

In place of him, to lead, is my great aim,
Name me, Danton, and I'll wipe out the shame.

ADAM.

My friend, praiseworthy is thy confidence;
But an assurance that thou keep'st thy word,
Before the soldiers, on the field, I ask.

OFFICER.

Assurance of success, lies in my soul;
And have I not a head, which may, at least
Achieve as much, as that which just did roll
Into the dust?

ADAM.

And who doth guarantee,
Thou'lt bring that head to me, to satisfy
The law?

OFFICER.

What better hostage dost thou need
Than my own life, which I thus hold for naught?

ADAM.

Not so do the recruits consider it.

OFFICER.

Once more, I do implore thee, citizen!

ADAM.

Wait patiently! thou yet wilt reach the goal.

OFFICER.

Thou hast no confidence? Well, will thy soul
Then, citizen, think better of me now?
(*Shoots himself in the head and dies.*)

ADAM.

A pity 'tis; for he deserved the bullet
Of the foe. Remove the corpse. My friends,
Farewell, until the victory be won.
(*The recruits go away.*)
But could I share your fate! The strife is mine;
No glorious death at hand of enemy;
But envy and intrigue in ambush lie,
Like to a thief, to cause my death, and that
Of their own sacred home.

CROWD OF PEOPLE.

Whom dost thou dread!
Name him, and he shall be no more.

ADAM.

The one
Whom I could name, is now among the dead.

CROWD OF PEOPLE.

And who are the suspected? Certain, 'tis
They guilty are; the people never errs.
Down, down, with the aristocrats! Come, come!
Let's to the jails, and there in judgment sit!
Our judgment is the people's sacred law.
(*The crowd starts toward the jail.*)

ADAM.

The danger lies not there! Strong are the bolts,

And foul the air, which kills and stupefies,
Dethrones the reason; these are your allies;
We'll leave them to their fate. With head erect,
Bold treason stalks, the while it whets the knife,
E'en there upon the benches of the Convention.

CROWD.

Then off to the Convention! for not yet
Have they been sifted well; but first, the jails
And the Convention later. In the meantime
Make thou a list of traitors' names, Danton!
(*The crowd departs, threatening on the way. In the meantime, several Sansculottes bring a young Marquis and Eve, as his sister, in front of the stand.*)

A SANSCULOTTE.

Two young merry aristocrats again we bring;
Their haughty mien and linen fine, proclaim
Their guilt.

ADAM.

And what a noble pair it is!
Come nearer, though, to me.

SANSCULOTTE.

Now, let us go,
Where labor waits us, and a deadly blow
To traitors we will give.
(*The Sansculottes with the rest of the people go away. The two young people go upon the balcony, around which a few guards are watching.*)

ADAM.

What secret force
Draws me to you? I'll save you both, although
My risk is great.

THE MARQUIS.

Danton, if guilty we,
To save us were an act of treachery;
If innocent we are, we have no need
Of thy vain mercy.

ADAM.

Who art thou, that thus
Thou darest to Danton to speak?

THE MARQUIS.

Marquis
Am I.

ADAM.

Stop! Stop! dost thou not know that now,
There is no rank but that of citizen?

MARQUIS.

I had not heard, that titles, by my king
Had been abolished.

ADAM.

Thou wretch, do not proceed!
Our army enter, and thy way is clear.

MARQUIS.

I have not from my king the leave procured,
To enter foreign ranks.

ADAM.

Then thou must die!

MARQUIS.

One more then, of my race, will for his king
Have gone to death.

ADAM.

Why dost so recklessly
Rush to thy death?

MARQUIS.

And dost thou think that life
To sacrifice, is but the privilege
Of you, men of the people?

ADAM.

Darest thou?
I, too, will dare. E'en 'gainst thy will, thee free
I'll make; and for this act, a coming day,
When party passion holds no longer sway,
Will show me gratitude. Come, national guards,
To my own dwelling take him, and be ye
Hostages for him.
(*Some armed national guardsmen lead the Marquis away.*)

EVE.

Be strong, my brother!

MARQUIS.

God bless thee, sister! (*Exit.*)

EVE.

Here! Take my head also, not meaner 'tis
Than Roland's.

ADAM.

Believe, it doth pain mine ear
From gentle lips, such language harsh to hear.

EVE.

No gentler speech would fit the guillotine!

ADAM.

This terrible machine is my own realm;
But with thy coming—'tis as if of Heaven,
Thou'dst left a trace, that in its sanctity,
Enshrines me now.

EVE.

Ne'er did the priests deride
Thus on their way, the beasts of sacrifice.

ADAM.

The sacrifice, believe me, is myself.
Believe me, power and pelf, all are but sham.
Bereft of joy; I live and death defy,
All envy this, my kingly seat on high.
I clearly see, how each hour of the day,
My friends and foes, the penalty of life
Must pay, and wait my turn. Ah! I confess,
'Mid all this blood, a certain loneliness
I feel; it saddens me. I cannot crush
The thought, how sweet it were, could I but love.
Oh! woman, could'st thou teach me, just one day,
The heavenly science, peacefully, the next
My own head I would lay beneath the knife.

EVE.

For love thou yearnest, in these awful days?
And doth thy conscience not affright thee?

ADAM.

Conscience
Is but of low born men, the privilege;
But he whose life is given as a pledge
To fate, against its voice his heart must close,
For when does tempest cease, because a rose

Droops in its path? Who'd dare to be so bold
As criticise the men who shape and mould
Their age? Who can descry the silken thread,
By which upon the stage of life are led
A Brutus and a Catalina! Then,
Is there one, who can believe that when
A man achieves a name, he is no more
A man, with tastes and habits as before
He famous grew, and that he can resign
The hundred cares, life 'bout him doth entwine?
Oh, no! believe it not; for must a heart
Throb, e'en in him who plays a royal part.
If mighty Cæsar had a sweetheart fair,
To her, he was but a kind youth, and ne'er
Would she e'en have suspected that the world
At his command, its battle flags unfurled.
If this be so, tell me, why could'st thou not
Love me? To be a woman, is thy lot:
To be a man is mine.
The heart, 't is said
Will love or hate; by innate feeling led
I feel affinity, sweet maid, to thee.
Dost, woman, thou, not understand this plea?

EVE.

And if I did, what use? Another God
Guides thee, than he in whose straight path I've trod.
Thy soul and mine, I feel, could ne'er agree.

ADAM.

Then cast aside ideas obsolete,
Why sacrifice to Gods exiled, effete?
One altar only is for woman fit,
Which ever young remains, that is the heart.

EVE.

The desolated altar, too, has martyrs,
Danton! To watch o'er ruins with devotion
Is more sublime than welcoming new powers;
And this doth best beseem a woman's sphere.

ADAM.

Not one has ever seen me moved, before,
If friend or enemy could see him now,
Who wields the lash of fate, like to the tempest,
To purify the world, here on this scaffold
Loving a little maid, and shedding tears,
He'd prophesy the downfall of Danton;
They'd jeer and henceforth none would fear him, still
I beg of thee, one ray of hope.

EVE.

Some time,
When there beyond the tomb, once reconciled
Thy soul puts off the gory dust of time,
Perchance——

ADAM.

Cease, maiden! say no more, for I
Believe not in that world above, and hopeless,
With my fate, forever must contend.
(*The mob returns in a fury with several gory heads on their swords, some get upon the balcony.*)

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

We've sentenced them;—what a proud set they were.

A SANSCULOTTE (*giving Danton a ring.*)

Take thou this ring, for the nation's corner stone.
One of the wretches placed it in my hand,

As to his throat, I held the knife. This set
Take us for robbers. What! thou livest still?
Go, join thy brother!
(*Strikes Eve, who falls down, at the back of the scaffold.*)

ADAM (*covering his eyes.*)
Horrors, it is over!
O fate, who can defy thee!

THE MOB.
Citizen!
Lead on, to the Convention! Now, the names
Of traitors, hast thou?
(*The mob leave the scaffold. Eve as a ragged, excited woman of the people, disengages herself from the crowd, and with a dagger in one hand, a gory head in the other, rushes up to Danton.*)

EVE.
See, Danton, the traitor!
Thee would he have killed, but I killed him.

ADAM.
If in this place, he better would have stood,
Thou hast done ill; if not, thy deed was well.

EVE.
My deed was well, so my reward I claim.
Spend but one night with me, thou mighty man!

ADAM.
What kind of sympathy, in such a beast
Can dwell? What tenderness within the tigress?

EVE.

In truth, it seemeth, citizen, that thou
Art leagued with the blue-blood aristocrats,
Or in delirium, ravest of romance.
Thou art a man, a woman, I, and young,
And admiration seizes me, great man.

ADAM (*aside.*)

I shudder, through and through; mine eyes can see
No more, this frightful image. What marvelous
Resemblance! He who once hath known an angel,
And seen him, fallen, has viewed perhaps, a sight
Like this; the features, form and speech; all, all;
But that something infinitesimal,
Which cannot be described, is lacking, all
Thus rendering dissimilar; the one,
By a halo shielded, I could not possess;
But this one, with foul breath of hell, to me
Is loathsome.

EVE.

What is it thou art muttering?

ADAM.

I've reckoned, woman, there are more traitors here
Than I have nights.

THE MOB.

To the Convention, now!
Where is the list of traitors' names which thou
Hast promised!

(*In the meantime Robespierre, Saint-Just and other members of the Convention, come with another crowd and take their places upon an improvised platform.*)

SAINT-JUST.

Name the chief offender.

(*Murmuring among the crowd.*)

ADAM.

Dar'st
Saint-Just accuse? Dost thou not know my power?

SAINT-JUST.

Thou hast had power, but in the people 'twas;
But they are wise, and having learned thee now,
Will the Convention's judgments authorize.

ADAM.

I know no power above me, save the power
Which from the people comes; and they, I know,
Are friends.

(*Murmuring again heard among the crowd.*)

SAINT-JUST.

The country's enemy is this
Your friend. The mighty people then, shall judge thee.
Before them, I accuse you,—as betrayer
Of our land, and public plunderer;
Of sympathy with the aristocrats,
And the ambition of a tyrant's sway.

ADAM.

Beware, Saint-Just, of my own fulminations!
Thou dost accuse me falsely.

ROBESPIERRE.

Let him not speak!
Ye know, his tongue is wily as a serpent's;
But seize him, in the name of liberty!

THE MOB.

Let us no longer listen! Away with him!

ADAM.

Then hear me not; and neither will I hear
This accusation, for we cannot strive
With words, and e'en your deeds, o'ercome me not;
Thou dost anticipate me, Robespierre;
Thy only merit 'tis—for I myself
Lay down my arms. It is enough; but this
I cry to thee; within three months, thou, too,
Wilt tread this path. Hangman, do well thy work!
For 'tis a giant which thou now dost fell.
(*He places his head beneath the guillotine.*)

SCENE X.

(*The scene is suddenly transformed into that of Scene VIII. Adam again as Kepler with his head leaning upon his writing table. Lucifer as his famulus, standing beside him, taps him on the shoulder. Gray dawn.*)

LUCIFER.

This time, there will be no beheading.

ADAM.

Where
Am I, and where, my dreams?

LUCIFER.

They've taken flight,
With thy inebriation, master mine.

ADAM.

So in this sordid age, the hoary head
Save by intoxication's power, can naught
Achieve! What mighty scene before mine eyes
Unrolled! And blind is he who can not see
The spark divine, even beneath its cloak
Of blood and mire. Colossal was the sin
As was the virtue, each one admirable
For power its impress left thereon. Oh! why
Did I awake? That I might look around me
To know still better, this dwarfed age; its sins
Concealed, its virtue hypocritical,
Beneath its smiling lineaments' guise.

LUCIFER.

Well do I know, that feeling of depression
After intoxication following.

EVE (*Coming out of the bower.*)

Away from me, away! not wrongfully
Did I suspect thee. Dar'st thou speak to me.
My husband's murderer? Think'st capable
Of such foul deeds, her, whom thou lying call'st
Thy heart's ideal?

COURTIER.

For God's sake, dear, be calm!
If overheard, a scandal will ensue.

ADAM.

Were those two women only in my dreams?
What do I say? One woman—in two forms,
As variable as my changeful fate,
Like to the wave, now shimmering, now dark.

EVE.

Ah! so to thee, is scandal all: To thee,
What brooks the sin, which is in secret done,
Thou blameless knight? Alas! ye look with scorn
Upon a woman, till she throws aside
As prejudice her ancient heritage
Of virtue; then, with your contemptuous smiles,
Ye hold her but the vile tool of your sins.
Away from me! I will not see thee more.

COURTIER.

This also is extreme, making ourselves
Objects of ridicule, if thus we paint
In festal tomes, this ev'ry day affair.
And we shall meet too, even after this.
Whate'er may come of it, no word shall e'er
Be spoken. Good-morning, Madam!

(*Exit.*)

EVE.

Wretched man!
And here I stand, with all my tears and sin!

(*Exit.*)

ADAM.

Well, it was but a dream, and all is o'er,
But no, not all! for daily, stronger grow
Ideas than all matter was before.
Matter can be felled by a forceful blow,
While my ideas live forevermore.
Forever purified, surely, and slow,
Till all the world be filled by their lore.

LUCIFER.

The day advances, fast; impatient now

The crowd of students for the master wait,
To glean the words of wisdom from his lips.
(*The bell sounds from the tower.*)

ADAM.

Oh! jeer not, jest not, at my learning mean!
For I must blush, if 'tis for this they praise me.

LUCIFER.

Dost not instruct these many splendid youths?

ADAM.

Instruct them, do I not, but only train them
By words they do not understand; which have
No meaning, and no purport in them: so
Th' unreasoning admire, and credence give.
With these fine words too, spirits we conjure;
But it is all finesse, the jugglery
To hide.

A STUDENT (*Hastens to the podium.*)

So gracious wast thou, master, thus
To call me to thee, promising my thirst
For learning thou would'st satisfy, that I
Might gain a deeper insight than all others.

ADAM.

But certainly thy diligence and zeal,
Thee render worthy of this privilege.

STUDENT.

Well, here I am, with trembling soul, I long
Great nature's workshop to investigate;
To grasp it all, enjoy more than the throng;
To gain the well-earned right to dominate
The realm of matter, and the spirit world.

ADAM.

Much thou desir'st. An atom of the world,
Thou think'st to pierce its grand entirety.
Sov'reignty thou wilt, and wisdom too.
If all of this thou could'st achieve, thy soul
Not bend, beneath the weight, thou would'st become
A God. Then less desire; thou may'st attain it.

STUDENT.

Whatever problem then, of science, thou
Dost solve, great man, will be a gain to me.
I feel that nothing do I know.

ADAM.

'Tis well then;
Thou art worthy; with thee, I can speak,
Of holy and most hidden things, the truth!
Then see, as I myself; but let there be
No uninitiated listener;
For truth is terrible, and bringeth death,
If it among the people of this age
Should come; but Oh! a time is near; if here
It were! when in the streets, it will be spoken
Free. No longer will the people then
Be children. Give thy hand in token now,
That thou wilt not betray that which thou learn'st
Of me. Well, listen then.

STUDENT.

With awe and longing,
Now I thrill.

ADAM.

What did'st thou say to me
Before, my son?

STUDENT.

That nothing in its essence,
Do I know.

ADAM (*Cautiously.*)

See now, nor yet do I.
Philosophy is but the poetry
Of that, which we can never grasp, but is
Most harmless of all learning in the world;
Adorned with her chimeras, quietly,
She entertains herself. But sciences
There are, which with bold front, upon the sands
Do trace their lines, to represent abysses;
And the circle is a sanctuary.
At this comedy, thou could'st e'en laugh
To view the frightful earnestness and art
Of all of it, while everyone with trembling
And with soul oppressed, seeks to avoid
These sketches in the sand, still here and there.
A snare doth wait, and the audacious one
Who falls therein, must pay the price of blood.
Such is th' absurdity, thou see'st, that stands
Now in our path as holy piety
To shield th' established power.

STUDENT.

I comprehend.
But will it always be as now?

ADAM.

A time
Will come, when they will laugh at all those statesmen
Whom we consider great; the orthodox,
Whom we admire, will furnish comedy
For our posterity, when real greatness

Doth occupy his place. 'Twill be the simple,
Natural, which springs, where e'er a pit
Is seen, and makes a path, where space is found;
And the learning, which to madness leads,
With its abstruseness now, by ev'ry one
Will then be understood, though learned by none.

STUDENT.

Then this must be th' elucidating language,
Which the apostles once were wont to speak,
And if all else be mean and worthless plunder,
Oh! do not take from me, my faith in art,
But in her laws, instruct me.

ADAM.

Art's perfection
Consists in its concealment.

STUDENT.

Can truth then,
Stand alone? For 'tis idealism
That gives the soul to art.

ADAM.

'Tis true, indeed;
With its own spirit, nature must combine
In equal measure, creation to mature;
Without this, 'tis a lifeless mechanism.
But howsoe'er thou may'st idealize,
Think not to overreach great nature's power.
Leave laws and models, for he in whom is strength,
In whom God lives, will speak, will mould, or sing,
With sobs heartrending, when his soul is sad,
With smiles when bliss hath stilled his passion's storm.

And though a pathway new he will create,
He'll surely reach the goal and form new laws
In the domain of art; but the abstract,
To dwarfs becomes but fetters, never wings.

STUDENT.

Oh! tell me, master, what I now can do,
After so many nights, to learning given?
Am I become like to a fool, and vain
Has all my striving been?

ADAM.

'Tis not in vain.
'Tis this, gives thee the right to overthrow
Each flaw, for he who looks not in the face
Of loss, e'en as he doth advance, is but
A coward; but the tried warrior is free
To step aside from his antagonist;
For of his valor, there can 'rise no doubt.
So to the flames, consign these yellow parchments,
These folios voluminous, with mould
Bedecked; they hinder when one would walk alone;
Of thought too meager, the errors of the past,
In judgment of the future, do they bring.
Then to the flames with them! Out to the fields!
For why of songs and forests should'st thou learn,
Joyless, 'mid dusty walls, till life is done?
Is life so long to thee, that until death
Thou can'st learn theories? Together then,
We'll bid farewell to schools; thou onward led
By roseate youth, to joyous rays of sunshine,
And to singing. Guide, doubtful genius
To that new world, which will unfold, when once
Some great one, its ideals shall divine,

And clothe in speech, the hidden thought that lies
Deep 'neath th' accurs'd dust of fallen ruins.

SCENE XI.

(*London. Market place between the Tower and the Thames. A motley crowd surging about and murmuring. Adam as an elderly man, stands with Lucifer upon one of the bastions of the Tower. Time, toward evening.*)

CHORUS (*Floating upward, with the noise of the crowd, accompanied by soft music.*)
Hear the roar of billows,
On life's stormy sea!
Each wave, a new world
Of its own, dost see.
Why should'st thou make moan,
If one disappear?
And if one rise higher,
Then why should'st thou fear?
Fearest thou, each one,
May in the common fate,
Be drowned, or a strong leader
Millions annihilate?
To-day 'tis poetry,
Facts, next-day, dost learn;
Thirst for knowledge follows,
Fancy's dreamy turn.
Seek'st, into a system,
T' encompass all the sea?
Efforts all are futile,
None change fate's decree.

Ay! this mighty ocean,
Rolls forevermore;
Laughs and rolleth onward.
Let him rush and roar,
Roar! for life hath limits;
Roar then, loud and long!
The new is but the old;
So hear the magic song!

ADAM.

'Tis this! 'tis this, for which I ever yearned,
But e'er a labyrinth, has been my life.
Towards its busy scenes, at last I've turned;
How sweet, inspiring, is its song of strife!

LUCIFER.

Like hymns sung in a temple, beautiful
When in the distance heard, or from the height,
Hoarse voice, with sigh and moan, how wonderful!
Do with the tuneful swelling sounds unite;
And what we hear is an harmonious whole,
That fills the heart and stirs the yearning soul
And God doth hear it, deeming all well done,
The world created and placed 'neath the sun;
But did we listen to the song more close,
Instead of harmony, would hear but woes;
Of throbbing hearts would hear the pulses beat.
Such is the song thou thinkest here so sweet.

ADAM.

Thou art a scoffing doubting man. Confess!
Is this not a more beauteous world, ah! yes,
Than all those worlds, through which I have been made,
The mouldy barriers are now decayed;

Gone are the frightful ghosts of former days,
O'er which the past—to overawe—the rays
Of glorious haloes blandished, to deceive,
But proved a curse. Made man afraid to live.
The strife is free to all. To-day, no slaves
Build pyramids.

LUCIFER.

In Egypt, had not waves
Of lamentions' sounds been heard, if we
Had stood as high as now? And thou'lt agree,
Without these shrieks, the achievements were sublime.
And then in Athens, did not in that time—
Simply because in danger might have been
The fatherland—the people in their might,
Most gloriously act? Calm and serene
They took their foremost son, their bravest knight,
And sacrificed his life. And we must view
The things from a great height, which we must do.
Uninfluenced by woman's tears, and all
Considerations, puerile and small.

ADAM.

Eternal sophist, cease!

LUCIFER.

If woe be dead,
Are not all things insipid, now instead?
Where's the sublime that filleth us with awe?
The depths away from which we trembling draw?
And our lives, manifold vicissitudes?
No longer, ocean waves of mighty force,
Our lives, but frog ponds; filled with foul exudes.

ADAM.

But then, thou find'st indemnity, of course,
In the prevailing weal?

LUCIFER.

That life of toil
Thou judgest, which 'neath thy feet doth endless turmoil
From thy own seat of observation high,
Just as the past is judged by history—
It heareth not the hoarse, dull tones of woe,
It but records the song of long ago.

ADAM.

Ah! e'en Satan sentimentalizes,
Or as doctrinaire philosophizes,
Both acquisitions.

LUCIFER (*Pointing to tower.*)

But no wonder 'tis,
Amid these ruins of past centuries.

ADAM.

This mouldy observation point, detest
I too, and I descend with hopeful breast,
To find among the waves of that new world,
Poetry and ideals most sublime.
It may well be their flag is not unfurled
In a gigantic war of Titan time,
As it was once before, but I may find
Their influence the greater o'er mankind,
As great as in my dreams I e'er divined.

LUCIFER.

Be not afraid, for it were vain to fear.
As long as matter hath existence here,
So long will I, the spirit which denies,
My power exert; as long as thought vivifies
The human brain; as long as heart of man
Shall throb; as long as law says, "This ye can,
And that ye cannot do," why, just so long
'T will live on, as negation, both in song
And lofty aims. But to descend there, say
What form shall we assume. Up here to stay
This garb alone is fit.

ADAM.

What e'er you want.
For naught's conspicuous there, depend upon 't.
(*Both go into the tower, and soon emerge from below, dressed as laborers, and enter the crowd. A puppet-show is near by; the proprietor stands in front, holding a chain in hand, to which a monkey, dressed in a red coat, is attached.*)

THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN.

Come, gentlemen; come gentlemen, this way!
The great show will commence now, right away.
It is a mightily amusing play:
The snake leads Eve—the first woman—astray,
For woman was, e'en in that ancient day,
Inquisitive and never would obey.
You can see here, in gentleman's array,
A monkey, who with dignity doth play
The rôle of some great man, and then you may
A bear as dancing master see! Oh, say,
It's splendid fun! Come gentlemen, this way!
(*Crowd around the booth.*)

LUCIFER.

Oh! Adam, 'pon my word, they speak of us;
I think 'tis fine, though almost fabulous,
To be so famed, that after all this run
Of full six thousand years, we furnish fun
For pleasure-seeking youth.

ADAM.

But I want none
Of all those senseless jokes. Go on, go on!

LUCIFER.

These senseless jokes? But just look at those boys;
How each and every one of them enjoys
The sight, although but a short while ago,
At school, down o'er their Nepos bending low,
They almost fell asleep. Who knows who's right?
He who, in consciousness of strength, to life
Doth wake, or he for whom doth end the strife?
Dost from thy Shakespeare, ever gain such joys
As these mean caricatures bring to these boys?

ADAM.

And these are just exactly what I hate.

LUCIFER.

It clings to thee from Greece, of ancient date.
See! I, who am the child, or, if you will,
The father—of all this romanticism—
For we spirits any rôle can fill—
I take delight in this droll witticism.
In these burlesques there is the real sport.
A human face is of the monkey sort.
We see the dirt flung at the truly great;

Distorted sentiments in dress of state;
A trumpet sings of chastity; the low and mean
Is praised, and love, by an old rake;
So I forget my own realm lost has been,
And in a new form, a new life I make.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN.
(*Slapping Adam on the shoulder.*)
Why do ye occupy, here the best place?
I read, fine bird, in thy old wizened face
Thou'st fond of fun which costs thee not a cent
But find someone, who on self hanging's bent.
(*Adam and Lucifer stand aside, a little girl comes along, selling violets.*)

LITTLE GIRL.
Sweet violets, first messenger of spring!
Buy violets! They to the orphan bring
Her daily bread, and ornament the poor.

A MOTHER (*Buying violets.*)
Here, give me some, to place in my dead child's hand.

A GIRL (*Also buying.*)
For my dark hair, the best adornment, sure.

LITTLE GIRL.
Sweet violets, the sweetest in the land!

A JEWELER (*In his booth.*)
Why must this weed, (we can't from fashion drive),
Ever compete with us? The pearly bead
Is for a beauteous neck more fit, indeed.
To bring it from the sea, a man will dive,
And brave the perils of the deep.
(*Two Burgher maidens come.*)

FIRST BURGHER MAID.

Oh, my!
What lovely jewels.

SECOND BURGHER MAID.

Were there one, to buy
For each of us, a gift!

FIRST BURGHER MAID.

Men of to-day
Who presents make, expect one to repay,
And at an awful price.

SECOND BURGHER MAID.

The modern man
Has no taste, e'en for that. The courtesan
And caviar, have spoiled him.

FIRST BURGHER MAID.

Us they greet
No more; from shyness, or from vain conceit.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*A garden; drinks are served to people sitting at table. Laborers, soldiers and citizens. Music and dancing.*)

INNKEEPER (*Among his guests.*)

Good cheer, my friends, for yesterday is flown,
To-morrow we shall never see,
'Tis God, who nourishes the birds, and "all,"
The Bible saith, "is vanity."

LUCIFER.

'Tis this philosophy that pleases me.
Let's sit here, on this shaded bench, and see

The crowd enjoy themselves, so cheap and fine,
With music that is poor, and sour, bad wine.

FIRST WORKMAN (*At one of the tables.*)
I say, the devil those machines did make,
They from our mouths the bread and butter take.

SECOND WORKMAN.
If wine remain, we can forget with ease.
The rich themselves the devils are; they squeeze
E'en our last drop of blood. Oh! were one here
Just now, to hell I'd send him without fear,
For we need more examples like the last.

THIRD WORKMAN.
What would'st thou gain thereby? When all were past,
To hang; and we, still to our fate succumb.

SECOND WORKMAN.
Nonsense! for he shall sit here, if he come,
And we shall see who can be liberal!

INNKEEPER (*To Adam.*)
What can I bring for you?

ADAM.
Nothing at all.

INNKEEPER.
Then go! or dost thou think that wine and meal
I give away? that I my money steal,
Or wife and child allow, to beggary
To come?

ADAM (*Rising.*)
Thou darest thus to speak to me?

LUCIFER (*Breaking in.*)
Let go the clodgate!

ADAM.
Well then, let us go.
Why contemplate proud man, now sunk so low!

LUCIFER (*Passing a dive.*)
At last I've found, that which so long I've sought!
Now here, we can enjoy, constrained by naught.
This boisterousness, laughter, hellish noise;
These piercing cries of bacchanalian joys,
Bring roseate red into the pallid face
And meanest misery of sin to place
In gilded garb. This is a sight to praise.

ADAM.
To me, it horror and disgust conveys.
(*In the meantime, they have approached the dancers. Two beggars come along, fighting.*)

FIRST BEGGAR.
This is my place; my license, here it is.

SECOND BEGGAR.
Be merciful, for our dear Christ's sake, please!
Or I must starve, for this last week or two,
I've not been able one hour's work to do.

FIRST BEGGAR.
Then thou art not a beggar genuine.
Move on! I'll give that officer a sign.
(*Exit Second Beggar. The first takes his place.*)

By the five wounds of Christ, give alms, I pray
Sweet gentlemen!
(*A soldier takes from the arms of an artisan a girl, with whom he is dancing.*)

SOLDIER.

Peasant, stand back I say!
Thou think'st thou'rt somebody, when I'm around?

ARTISAN.

Indeed, if I should knock thee to the ground,
I would be somebody.

SECOND ARTISAN.

For God's sake don't
Fight here; just yield to him, depend upon 't,
The soldier has the glory and the power.

FIRST ARTISAN.

Then why can't he behave? I'd like to scour
His head for him, and him some manners teach.
The soldier is but a bloodthirsty leech.

A COURTESAN (*Singing.*)

In olden times, the golden apple,
E'en from the dragon, did they wrest;
The apples still are ripening,
Though dragons long have been at rest.
A blockhead's he, who doth look and look,
Without the courage of them to pluck.
(*Embracing a youth at a table.*)

LUCIFER.

(*Absorbed in contemplation of the pair.*)
I like coquetry, which I here behold,

Let those who treasures have, just show their gold.
The iron trunks of misers might contain
Instead of gold, a worthless iron chain.
How touching is the jealousy that boor
Displays! He seeks the eyes of his amour;
He knoweth how to prize the moment's charms.
To-morrow some one else within her arms
She'll hold.

ADAM (*To one of the musicians.*)
Tell me, man, how dost hold thine art!
Is love for music, then, not in thy heart?

MUSICIAN.
Indeed, I have no love for it; and more,
I play all day the selfsame tunes. The roar
Of all this noise doth make me sick and sore
At heart. Yet, while my calling I abhor
I play to live; for nothing else I'm fit.

LUCIFER.
Thoughtful philosophy, I must admit,
The fickle maid, light-hearted though she be,
Displays. She knows 'tis not the last one she
Will have, and e'en in her embraces now,
She has picked out the next one, I would vow.
My precious children, at sight of your joy,
I feel a happiness, without alloy,
To see how smilingly ye work for me—
My blessing will be guilt and misery.

SECOND ARTISAN (*Singing.*)
He whose week's labor is done,
And with a pure heart, doth quaff

His wine, 'mid kisses and song,
In the devil's face can laugh.

(*The closing chords of the music from a church are heard. Eve as a burgher maiden, with prayer-book and nosegay in hand, comes out of the church with her mother.*)

A Peddler.

Come this way, dear miss! Here at my stand,
You may buy cheaper than in all the land.

Another Peddler.

Believe him not! short is his weight; his ware
Is second-hand. Come over here. I swear
I have the best.

Adam.

Ah! See, thou in this place
Iniquitous dost hold me, while such grace,
Almost unnoticed, near us passes by.

Lucifer.

And what of that, what does it signify?
That's nothing new.

Adam.

How sweet! She must have been
At church.

Lucifer.

Mayhap to see, and to be seen.

Adam.

This jeer is cold; let it not touch the maid;
For with devotion she her prayers hath said.

Lucifer.

Converted then, I see, and from the heart?

ADAM.

A stupid jest! But list, I for my part
May feel however cold; 'tis my affair;
But I insist, that for the woman's share,
That certain predilection, I admire;
That music of past times, that holy fire;
Th' untouched enamel of the flower.

LUCIFER.

But where
Dost see this strip of Heaven? The devil ne'er
Can'st thou expect, continually to guess
Thy taste, and know just whom thou would'st possess;
Enough, that I supply her on demand.

ADAM.

That maiden yonder wilt thou understand?
Where else she could be—my goal of happiness?

LUCIFER.

The popinjay doth just such thought express,
When he a worm in his sharp bill doth press;
In all the world, there is no finer bite.
Yet to the dove, the worm's a loathsome sight.—
So will a man, his own salvation find
Where,—it may be,—his own neighbor's mind,
Could find but hell.

ADAM.

What dignity! and air,
So modest, that t' approach, I scarcely dare.

LUCIFER.

Take courage! Thou with women ne'er dost fail;
If we heed well, she too will be for sale.

ADAM.

Silence!

LUCIFER.

Perhaps far dearer than the rest.
(*A youth approaches Eve very modestly and offers her a heart made of sweet cake.*)

THE YOUTH (*To Eve.*)

I pray thee, grant me just this one request;
Allow me to present to you this heart.

EVE.

Thus to remember me, how kind thou art.

THE MOTHER.

'Tis long since we have seen thee; why dost thou
No longer visit us?
(*Eve and the youth converse in whispers. Adam grows excited. The youth goes away.*)

ADAM.

Thou may avow,
This beardless youth, that which my heart in vain
Doth feel. What confidence!—she smiles!—What pain,
What pain I must endure! I must speak to her.

THE MOTHER (*To Eve.*)

His family is rich, and I concur
In this thy choice, but then we do not know
What think his family; so do not throw
His rival overboard, who just to-day
Did so surprise thee with that lovely nosegay.

ADAM.

Allow me ladies, to escort you home,
That from the crowd no harm to you may come.

EVE.

What impudence!

THE MOTHER.

Out of my sight, thou churl!
Or dost thou think, she is the sort of girl
To whom most any one can say sweet things?

ADAM.

How could one otherwise? To me she brings
The vision of ideal woman fair.

THE MOTHER.

Just dream ahead! but I shall take good care
That he for whom my daughter's charms shall bloom
Will be no good-for-naught. Thou dost presume.
(*Adam stands hesitatingly. A gypsy woman steps up to Eve.*)

GYPSY WOMAN.

Ah! sweetest of the sweet, fairest of the fair!
Show me your tiny, snowy hand; I'll dare
To read from it, with my mysterious lore,
The thousand blessings your fate has in store.
(*Reads her hand.*)
A handsome groom elect,—not far away,—
Is waiting; ah! these very lines betray,
You will have wealth and health, and show that you
Some day, will have a lot of children too.
(*Receives money.*)

LUCIFER (*Pointing to Adam.*)

Here sister, read my comrade's horoscope.

GYPSY WOMAN.
(*Looks hurriedly at Adam's hand.*)
It is not clear. He'll starve, or hangman's rope
His fate.

ADAM (*To Eve.*)
Do not repel me, sweetest maid!
I feel our hearts were for each other made.

EVE.
Mother, permit him not!

MOTHER.
The guards I'll call
If you don't go away.

EVE.
Well, after all
He meant no harm. Come, mother let us go.
(*Exeunt.*)

ADAM.
O holy poesy, art flown? Doth grow
The world prosaic now?

LUCIFER.
What dost thou say?
This dance, this bower, that sweet cake and that nosegay;
What else are they? Be not so fidgety,
There's still material for
Romances.

ADAM.
What avails it, if lurk greed
Around, and never one unselfish deed?

LUCIFER.

E'en that may still be found among school-boys,
Whose lives are not yet wrecked by griefs and joys;
In whom all life is husbanded, as yet.
Here comes just now, some of that jolly set.
(*Some students enter.*)

FIRST STUDENT.

Well, boys, we've left the mouldy school behind,
And now we can some real pleasure find.

SECOND STUDENT.

Let's go into the field—oh! how I hate
The barriers within the city's gate.

THIRD STUDENT.

Let us, with some one now, begin a fight.
To give and take a blow, is man's delight.

FIRST STUDENT.

Let's from the soldiers steal their girls away,
And instantly there will be an affray;
Then with the girls out to the gardens go;
Enough have we for ale; till eve we'll know
The life of dukes, while near a rosy face.

FOURTH STUDENT.

How glorious! to tease Philistines base.

FIRST STUDENT.

Thus strengthening the bond that makes us one.
Let us enjoy ourselves, when our work's done.
If need be, once some great thought will inspire,
And us endue with patriotic fire.
(*Exeunt.*)

ADAM.

In this stale world, it is a splendid sight,
I see therein the germ of a future bright.

LUCIFER.

And from this germ, we'll see what once will grow,
When sown in schools, for every one must know.
These manufacturers who come this way
Were just like these, when school-boys, in their day.
(*Two manufacturers in conversation come along.*)

FIRST MANUFACTURER.

No, sir, I can't compete. I must reduce
The prices of the goods, and introduce
Adulterated wares.

SECOND MANUFACTURER.

But, my dear sir,
Reduce the wages of the laborer.

FIRST MANUFACTURER.

E'en now, rebellion, and complaint abounds,
They say they can no longer live, the hounds!
In part, their plaints are justified, of course,
But then, who doth upon them marriage force,
And who doth ever say that they, ere long,
Shall have six children's mouths to feed. 'Tis wrong.

SECOND MANUFACTURER.

Well then, still harder must they work; they might
Be forced to work for us half through the night
The other half would be enough for sleep,

And dreams that are not good for them, would keep
Away.

(*Exeunt.*)

ADAM.

To hear these things doth make one's brain to whirl;
But tell me, where is she—that beauteous girl?
Come Lucifer, by this thy power can'st prove,
That she with favor look upon my love.

LUCIFER.

I do not waste my power on paltry things.

ADAM.

What's small to thee, to me such blessing brings
As the whole world could not outweigh.

LUCIFER.

'Tis done.
Do not permit thy sentiments to run
Amuck. If need be, fear not to deceive;
But answer me, and she is thine. (*Aloud, that the gypsy woman listening behind them may overhear.*)
Perceive
My Lord, this traveling incognito.
Has drawbacks, and if people here could know,
That our four ships from India, to-day
Cast anchor here, in quite a different way,
We'd be received.

ADAM.

Perhaps.

GYPSY WOMAN (*Aside.*)

Ah! with delight
I'll turn this to account, with all my might.

(*To Adam.*) One word, I pray, sir. 'Twas in jest, that I
For you, an awful fate did prophecy.
To punish you; but to you now I'll show
That I well knew of your incognito.
The secrets of all men to me are known;
Let me confess; I am the devil's own.

LUCIFER (*Aside.*)
You are? Well, I want no such dirty hag.

GYPSY WOMAN.
Your ships will come to-day, floating your flag.
Still better news, a sweet maid's heart, I know
In yearning love, for you is all aglow.

ADAM.
How can I win her?

GYPSY WOMAN.
She's as good as yours.

ADAM.
But she has repulsed me.

GYPSY WOMAN.
That insures
A most successful suit. Well, you will see,
She'll soon be here. Think of my prophecy.
(*Exit.*)

ADAM.
Aha! The hag has left thee far behind.

LUCIFER.
I'll not deny her merits, for I find

An able substitute.

(*A mountebank comes upon a hand cart. Blare of trumpets. Crowd gathers about him. Takes possession of center of stage.*)

MOUNTEBANK.

Make room for me!
Greet me with awe, because in me ye see
A famous man! My head has hoary grown
In studying, that nature's secrets known
Might be, to me.

ADAM.

Who is this lunatic?

LUCIFER.

Science descends,—it must a living seek,—
Into a mountebank, just as when thou
Wast dabbling; but more noise is needed now.

ADAM.

But practiced not my schemes to that degree—
Shame on him!

LUCIFER.

Surely not at fault is he,
For he doth only strive, that fate t' avert
Which on his tombstone these words might insert:
"*Ex gratia speciali,*
Mortuus in hospitali"
For others, sacrificing night and day
He only asks what's justly due: his pay.

MOUNTEBANK.

My whole life long, I for mankind.
Have sacrificed, and ever sought to find
Life's true elixir, and to penetrate

All secrets of our nature great.
This, many thousand years ago,
Was used by the great Pharaoh;
This magic potion Tancred used,
Into him, heroes' blood infused;
From beautiful Helene of Greece,
I learned to make this beauty grease,
What men expect, and what men hope,
I tell by Kepler's horoscope.

ADAM.

See'st what he sells? We thought the day would dawn
In future times, while he has boldly drawn
Upon the past, and claims he's found the light.

LUCIFER.

The present never is esteemed aright;
To the "to-day," respect is never shown;
Just as a great man never has been known,
In dressing gown; of this "to-day" in life—
As after a decade married to a wife,
Her flaws are known.

MOUNTEBANK.

A blessing they bestow,
Buy, buy! there ne'er was such a chance, I know.

FROM THE CROWD.

Here! let me have some of your famous wares!
Their price is high, but still, one gladly spares
The money, if so efficacious they.

LUCIFER.

Ho! See! the people disbelieve, convey
Howe'er to them, what is miraculous,

They quickly spend on it their overplus.
(*Eve and her mother return. The gypsy woman follows, whispering to them.*)

EVE.
Thou talk'st in vain; we know thee.

GYPSY WOMAN.
If not true,
Be that which I tell thee, I'm lost. With you
That gentleman is so enamored, now
His mistress he would make of you, allow
That you as a duchess drive with coach-and-four
To theatre and ball, and still much more.

THE MOTHER.
Viewed from the right side, after all, such life
Is better than bear hardships of a wife
In some bootmaker's dingy pitch-stained shop.

GYPSY WOMAN.
Look! there he stands; it seems, that there he'll stop
Until he finds you hereabouts.

EVE.
He ought—
If it be true, that he but me has sought—
To look this way. He like a gentleman
Doth bear himself, his hands are fine.

THE MOTHER.
I can
In his companion even, good points find,
Although his nose be of the crooked kind;
And though he's lame, he seems respectable.

My daughter, I'll retire, more practicable
'Tis, to leave you two alone.

GYPSY WOMAN.
Just see!
The beauty has returned, and sighs for thee.

ADAM.
I'll fly to her—O ecstacy!

GYPSY WOMAN.
The pay
Remember!

LUCIFER (*Giving her money.*)
I thus to thee my thanks convey;
My comrade gives the money.

GYPSY WOMAN (*Shrieks.*)
Ugh! what a vice.

LUCIFER.
But thou would'st think thyself in paradise,
If thou, old jade, wert what thou claim'st to be.

EVE (*To Adam.*)
If you would buy a market gift for me,
There's a cosmetic that has caught my eye.

ADAM.
Nothing on earth could e'er so beautify,
As those sweet charms thy woman's face doth wear;
For that cosmetic is without a peer.
(*The mountebank has gone away during the meantime.*)

EVE.
You are too kind, sir.

ADAM.

Don't put me to shame,
Diamonds to give thee is my aim,
Not that with them, thy beauteous neck and hair
Be ornamented to appear more fair;
But just because they never could have shone
Upon a lovelier or a worthier one.

EVE.

I saw a jeweler quite near, but no!
For me, poor maid, they suit not well, I know.

ADAM.

Come, let us look at them.

LUCIFER.

'Tis useless,—see!
Some splendid ones I chance to have with me.
(*Gives jewels to Eve, who examines them joyfully and tries them on.*)

EVE.

How lovely! How they'll envy me!

ADAM.

That heart—
I would not see it more.

EVE.

With it, I'll part.
(*Throws it away.*)

LUCIFER.

I'll crush the heart, that can not even sigh.
(*Tramples upon it.*)

EVE.

What's that! I thought I heard a piercing cry?
(*During this time a convict, sentenced to death, is seen taken to the gallows and followed by a big crowd.*)

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Come quick! I told you it would be a sight;
The coward is not even now contrite.

ADAM.

What is this crowd, with changing cheer and jeer?

EVE.

They hang a man; I'm glad that I am here.
Let us go too, exciting is the sight,
My jewels I can show with great delight.

ADAM.

What was the wretch's crime?

EVE.

I do not know.

LUCIFER.

It matters not, I will relate it though;
In Lovell's factory, he long did work,
But poison ever in the lead doth lurk;
And once, inhaling it with ev'ry breath,
He ill became, and lay nigh unto death
For weeks in the hospital, and then distress
Came to his lovely wife, and you can guess
The sequel when I tell you Lovell's son,
Was young and kind of heart, and she was won.

FIRST LABORER.

Comrade, be brave! thou die'st a martyr's death;
Thy name eternal fame encountereth.

LUCIFER.

The husband then, recovering, his wife
His place, both lost, there came a bitter strife:
With soul enraged, to Lovell he made threat;
Young Lovell with a blow, the insult met,
Then into him, the culprit plunged a knife;
So here he pays the penalty—his life.
Old Lovell has become insane.
(*As these words are spoken the insane Lovell enters.*)

LOVELL.

You lie!

You lie! for not at all insane am I;
If so, could I distinctly understand
The faintly whispering voice of reprimand
That sounds from my son's wound? All I possess
I'd freely give away, could I suppress
This power to hear. I'd rather be insane.

THIRD WORKMAN.

Fear naught! Thou shalt not unavenged remain.

FIRST WORKMAN.

They are the culprits, thou art in the right.

ADAM.

Thou dost appall me, brain congealing sight!
But who can tell, who here is more to blame?
Perhaps society! Well, more's the shame
Where that's decayed, luxuriates all vice.

LOVELL.

'Tis true! Society! Ah! you are wise,
All I possess is yours; but pray, do break
That whisp'ring spell which keepeth me awake.

EVE.

Let's go, let's go! or no place shall we find.

ADAM.

I bless thee fate, that to me wast so kind;
That for a judge thou hast not chosen me,
Stretched on a couch, how easy it must be,
Laws to create; but difficult the art
To judge with understanding, the human heart.

LUCIFER.

But with such views, law-suits would never end.
None choose the wrong, because 'tis wrong; defend
E'en devils, their own acts by argument.
The Gordian knot must by the judge be rent;
Philanthropists by thousands e'en could not
Untie the tangled threads thereof, I wot.
(*By this time they have arrived at the Tower, at one corner of which, in a niche, stands a holy image.*)

EVE.

Will you, my friend, here but one moment stay,
That at this shrine, an "ave" I may say?
And place this nosegay on the cross.

LUCIFER (*Whispering.*)

No, no!
Permit it not, or great will be our woe.

EVE.

E'er since my childhood's days, I at this shrine
My prayers have said to Him, good Saviour mine;
And after that I always feel so good;
The time we lose, we'll make up in the wood.

(*She takes the nosegay and puts it on the cross, but the flowers suddenly wither and fall; the precious stones roll down from her neck and arms, turning into snakes.*)

What's this?

LUCIFER.

I warned in vain!

EVE.

Help!

ADAM.

Not so loud!
Pray do not scream, you will attract the crowd;
And gems a thousand fold more costly, I
Will give to thee.

EVE.

Begone, I say! Mercy.
Two jugglers and a witch, in devil's pay,
A pure and honest maid have led astray.

(*The people begin to gather. The gypsy woman comes with police officers.*)

GYPSY WOMAN.

They must be here, that counterfeiting band;
Quicksilver like, it melted in my hand,
The coin they gave me.

LUCIFER.

And it may, I ween,
The fault, old hag, of thy lank hand have been.
Away! it waxeth warm here, Adam.
(*They go on to the Tower, while the commotion increases below. Adam and Lucifer again appear on the bastion of the Tower.*)

ADAM.

Vain
Is all, for I have been deceived again.
The ghastly apparitions of the past,
Old prejudice to vanquish and to cast
Away, and to opposing forces yield
A new, a broad, an all embracing field,
I thought to be enough. A mighty screw
From out this mechanism then I drew
Holy piety—but failed to place
A stronger one there in its stead. The race
Of man is still in its unequal strife.
What sort of combat is this in their life,
When mighty swords a naked man oppose?
What kind of independence doth disclose
A state of things, in which a hundred must
Be sufferers, for want of their daily crust?
Because they will not bear the yoke of one?
It is a fight of famished dogs that run
After a bone, just thrown away. I hope
Into its place, an epoch new to ope:
Society, which will protect, and which
Will in rewards, that will inspire, be rich,
That causes man no fear, but spurs him on,
Where all its powers act in unison,
As science, blossoming sublimely grand,

And reason pure, that doth its rules command.
That thus the world will be, e'en now I feel
Take me there, Lucifer, hear my appeal.

LUCIFER.

Vain man! because so limited thy sight,
Thou see'st but chaos there; that to unite
Those forces, there be no work combined;
But in the workshop of our lives, can'st find
It all, if thou wilt view with spirit's eye
Their work for us and not their dwarfish *I*.
(*It has grown dark. All in the market place have formed a group, digging a grave in the centre, and into which some mutely, some speaking, alternately jump.*)

CHORUS.

To work! now let the spade resound;
For to-day it must be done;
To-morrow, it will be too late,
The mighty work that is begun
Though ages pass, will never end.
Cradle, coffin, are but one;
What on the morrow will begin
Ever hungry, ever sated,
It gapes anew, what e'er therein,
May enter.

(*The death knell tolls.*)

'Tis o'er—we rest.—At morn
The mighty work will be resumed
By those who to new life are born.

PUNCH AND JUDY MAN.

The comedy is out;
They ring the curtain down,

I entertained the crowd;
Who entertained the clown?

THE INNKEEPER.

Empty the glasses
Of each honored guest;
Good night, my dear friends;
I go to my rest.

LITTLE MAID.

The little violets are faded now,
But others o'er my grave will bloom, I trow.

GYPSY WOMAN.

Each one would see revealed, the future's night;
But now they hide their eyes, dumb with affright.

LOVELL.

No joy to me, from riches e'er did come;
But now, I'll find repose within the tomb.

WORKMAN.

The week is gone, and Saturday night is here;
My labor o'er at last, and rest is near.

STUDENT.

Sweet things I dreamt, but ever did awake.
Come, beauteous dream! naught now the spell can break.

SOLDIER.

Full of conceit, I thought myself so brave;
When lo! I stumble into this mean cave.

COURTESAN.

The orgies are done, and paled, the pigment's bloom;
How cold it is here; is it warm down in the tomb?

PRISONER.

Fetters, remain above the worthless dust!
I feel, there is beyond a judge more just.

CHARLATAN.

How we deceived each other, claiming all to know;
Confounded now we stand, 'fore that which truth doth show.

EVE.

Why at my feet dost lie, thou depth of night?
Think me not by thy darkness to affright;
For with the halo thee I can defy.
The dust, the earth-born, in thy depths must lie;
The angel of youth, of poetry and love;
For me shall ope th' eternal gates above.
My smile to earth, will bring bliss from above,
Such bliss will bring, as sun rays leave
On hallowed faces.
(*Drops her veil into the grave and is carried heavenward in a halo.*)

LUCIFER.

Dost know her?

ADAM.

Ah! Eve! Eve!

SCENE XII.

(*The courtyard of a Phalanstery, built in the shape of a U. In the corridor to the right, a number of laborers are busy with machinery, all in motion. In the corridor to the left a savant is at work amidst a mass of mechanical and astronomical appliances and a chemical laboratory. All persons in the Phalanstery wear a uniform. Adam and Lucifer rise suddenly from the earth in the centre of the courtyard.*)

ADAM.

Where are we now? What people's this, what land?

LUCIFER.

Land, people, are conceptions obsolete.
Was it not small to speak of fatherland?
Was it not with blind prejudice replete?
And did not narrow minds keep it alive?
All of the wide world through which we roam
Henceforth, forever, is all mankind's home,
In one great work all men associate,
One great thought in all minds reverberate,
And o'er the order which throughout obtains,
Science, honored, strict scrutiny maintains.

ADAM.

My soul's ideals then have form assumed;
The fashions of the past are then entombed,
But I regret that the conception home
Exists no more; it should have stood, the dome
Of Heaven's not safer, and could have stood
E'en in the order new of things, and good

Had been its influence. The human mind
Fears what is infinite and seeks to find
Restricting barriers and without doubt
In inner worth doth lose, when spreading out,
To past and future jealousy it clings.
I fear, that for the world at large, it brings
No such enthusiasm, as the grave
Where buried are, the lovéd ones who gave
It life. He, who doth willing sacrifice
His life for those who by the sacred ties
Of blood and birth to him are near and dear,
Has for the friend a sympathetic tear.

LUCIFER.

In thy ideals thou find'st flaws, I ween,
Before thou hast them e'en embodied seen.

ADAM.

Indeed not! but I am curious to know
Just what idea 'tis to which we owe
The unity of all the world, the fire
Enthusiasm, which their hearts inspire
Kindled before by ev'ry small affair.
Achieving petty victories,—to care
But for the highest aims of life. Tell me
However, first where we are now? I see
A place and people I ne'er saw before,
Then lead me to those joys which are in store
For me, whose soul will find reward for all
The woe from which it suffered, war and cabal.

LUCIFER.

This is one of many phalansteries,
Of modern man; the modern home it is.

ADAM.

Come, then!

LUCIFER.

No, wait!
Before we go we must
Put on some new disguise. This ancient crust
Cast off. They'd not believe in us; to learn
'Bout us, these savants would put us in turn,
In chemical retorts.

ADAM.

Again thou art
But playing the teasing, mocking devil's part.

LUCIFER.

But in the spirit world it is quite true.

ADAM.

Do as thou wilt; and do it quickly too!
(*Lucifer transforms both of them, attiring them similarly to the occupants of the phalanstery.*)

LUCIFER.

Here, take this cloak, and hide thy curly lock
Of hair. We're ready now.

ADAM.

Then let us knock
There at the door of the great scientist.

LUCIFER.

Savant, I give thee greeting heartiest.

THE SAVANT.

Important is my work; don't bother me,
I can not take the time to chat, you see.

LUCIFER.

I do regret that you can not allow
Two candidates for learning, who just now
Thus far, from the thousandth phalanstery came,
As pupils, hither drawn by thy great fame,
One moment of thy precious time.

SAVANT.

My friends,
Your most praiseworthy zeal to learn commends
Itself to me. My work can wait, if not
E'en one degree, the heat in yonder pot
May be cooled off, and if then matter yield
As I expect—when it appears, congealed.

LUCIFER.

Then I made no mistake, there did remain
With you, after you did all nature drain.
Humanity pass through a refining sieve:
The old time vanity.

SAVANT.

I now receive
You both with welcome, but tell me, sir,
Which of the sciences do you prefer?

ADAM.

Our thirst for learning never has been bound
To one branch only, but have pleasure found
The whole field to view we long for all.

SAVANT.

Right here you err. The great within the small
E'en lies concealed. Our life is short, take heed,
We have no time all things to learn and read.

ADAM.

True; well I know, there must be those who raise
The stone or carry mortar to the place;
No structure can be built without their aid,
But no conception have of what they've made.
It is conceived by the architect alone,
Who planes no board and cannot hew a stone,
Yet he creates a work just like a God.
So does the man who really knows, but trod
In paths of learning great.

LUCIFER.

We come to thee,
That thou, great man, teach us this path to see.

SAVANT.

And you did well, I can admire your zeal.
The mighty twigs of sciences conceal
Beauties of organism manifold;
When viewed together, we their charm behold.

LUCIFER.

Just as with women fair.

SAVANT.

Chemistry though.

LUCIFER.

Its center is and makes all grow and glow.

SAVANT.

Well said.

LUCIFER.

But the mathematician said howe'er

The same thing of his own branch, so there
It is.

SAVANT.

In their conceit 'tis their own sphere
They think the centrum is. They are sincere,
But vain.

LUCIFER.

In chemistry though you chose well.

SAVANT.

Yes, I feel safe, safer than I can tell.
Let me you now through this museum lead.
All of the world can not as yet succeed
In showing better. The extinct animal
Of ancient times, here you can find them all,
All well preserved. Thousands of them were then
On earth, and fought and struggled here with men,
Who our forefathers were, a savage race,—
For the supremacy in dwelling place.
Of them full many a wondrous tale is told.
As locomotive this one served of old.

ADAM.

The horse! Not even one of a good race.
Ah, Al-Borak! that was a horse to praise.

SAVANT.

From this 'tis said, that man began to learn
To love him as a friend, it did not earn
A livelihoood by work assigned. A friend
It was, that's all, that it could comprehend
Man's thought, and faithfully it would obey
The man's command. Nay, more, it knew man's greed
For property, stood guard o'er it; did bleed

In its defense. If true, I do not say,
I state what I have heard and read; I know
Howe'er, that in the days of long ago,
Man did some insane notions entertain;
These stories are the remnants of the reign
Of ancient times.

ADAM.

The dog! and I tell you
All that which you have read and heard, is true.

LUCIFER.

Adam, take heed! Thou wilt thyself betray.

SAVANT.

In this, you can the poor man's slave survey.

ADAM.

As poor men oxen for the rich have been.

SAVANT.

The deserts' mighty king can here be seen.

ADAM.

The lion! here, the tiger; there, the doe!
What animals still live, I'd like to know?

SAVANT.

What a question! Is't with you otherwise?
The animals still live, which science in no wise
Could ever substitute. The hog and the sheep,
For instance; but e'en they're no longer cheap,
Poor specimens of what our broken down
Old nature could produce; on these we frown.
Our hogs are living fat, and meat and wool
Our sheep. In each we recognize a tool

For our ends used, like the retort, by rule
And regulation, laid down by our school.
It seems, howe'er you know our animals,
So let me show you now our minerals.
Look at this mighty block! it's known as coal,
It used to be of industry the soul;
And mighty mountains were filled with the stuff,
So from the bowels of earth, with care enough,
Man could obtain, what we with minute care
With scientific methods, gain from air,
And this was iron, and ere the earth's supply
Gave out, to take its place, man did not try
To dig aluminum. This ore is gold
'Twas once the curse of man; in days of old
A valuable, yet a worthless thing;
While man in his blind faith was worshipping
Beings he called supreme, and even thought
Controled his fate, with all his might he sought
To gain this ore. He really thought that this
Caused greatest happiness and purest bliss
To own a deal of it. Welfare and law
And all that's sacred, men would sacrifice
For it; for many thousand years, men saw
A bloody strife to gain what we despise,
And yet, by which, it's wondrous to relate
He could buy everything, e'en what he ate.

ADAM

I know all this; for something new I wait.

SAVANT.

Indeed, stranger, your learning must be great
This will then interest you, I suppose;
This is a unique plant; the last, last rose
That ever grew on earth, a useless plant.

Moved by some fancy, man, extravagant,
To millions of its sisters then would yield
The richest and most useful of his field.
To grown up children 'twas a favorite toy.
We, nowadays, cannot conceive the joy
It gave. The very scent and bud it seems,
Filled men with fancies and poetic dreams,
With songs of love and deep religious thought.
This weed, then, his best efforts brought to naught.
Here we preserve, as rarities most great
Two of such works of man of ancient date.
One, the first poem, and the author's name,—
Men thought in their conceit then but of fame,—
Was Homer, and on wildest fancy's wings
Us to a most phantastic world it brings—
He Hades calls. To-day, we full well know
There is no place like that, and long ago
We did disprove each line of it. And here
I'll show you something else; did'st ever hear
Of Tacitus, who wrote Agricola?
This is the manuscript. No man e'er saw
A more ridiculous, but in the main
More pitiful description of the reign
Of the barbaric race of long ago.

ADAM

These pages were then after all, preserved
—As a testament,—bequeathing to to-day
The ancient spirit. Do you not fear they may
Inspire the age which seems to be enerved
In higher aims? And when it has done so,
Will give your artful world a deathly blow?

SAVANT.

Correct. The observation dawned on us

Quite long ago. We know 'tis dangerous,
The poison they contain. We therefore hold,
A man must be at least three score years old,
And must himself to science dedicate
Before these volumes he can penetrate.

ADAM

What of the fairy stories of the nurse?
Must not those tales the youthful souls immerse
In fancy's dream?

SAVANT.

Our nurses therefore sing
No song which baby's fancy e'er could bring
Into the realm of dreams. They sing and speak
Of rules in mathematics and physic.

ADAM (*Aside.*)

The murd'rous band! to rob the youthful heart
Of all those things which to it bliss impart!

SAVANT.

Let us proceed. Look at these instruments,
Used, we believe, in certain tournaments.
A cannon's this, its use unknown to us;
The inscription on it is mysterious:
"*Ultima ratio regum.*" With this sword
Men killed their fellow men; common accord
Howe'er, made him who killed, no murderer.
This instrument, to which I now refer,
Was made by the hand of man. A whole life long
He toiled with iron will and courage strong.
To finish it. He did not know, the sun
Could just as well be used for what is done
For this his work; and while he, with intent,

A most misleading fancy, freely spent
On it, our own is excellent, though plain.

ADAM (*Aside.*)
But still, without a soul, it doth remain.

SAVANT.
These things, by hundred, are so childish, look!
A flower on this cup, a painted brook
On that; a thousand arabesques adorn
This armchair's back. Must we not ask in scorn
When we these things, all made by man, behold,
Does man in such a chair, sit with more ease?
Doth this cup more refreshing water hold?
But now, with our machines, we make all these,
In their most simple form, and are made well,
Each working man in his branch doth excel,
His skill to the most high perfection bring,
They always work upon the selfsame thing.

ADAM
Therefore, there is no life, and this you see
Destroys all individuality,
Which ever strives, the master to excel,
What scope, where force and spirit could combine,
To manifest their origin divine?
When man aspires to fight, and looks around,
But a sedate and measured life is found,
Not e'en the bliss of peril, can he feel,
There are no beasts of prey to hunt with zeal.
In science too, from which I hoped to gain
The greatest bliss, I am deceived again.
Instead of happiness, I was a fool,
I find an ordinary children's school.

SAVANT.

Does not fraternity prevail all o'er?
Is not material weal here evermore
Secure? For your opinion my dear friend,
You, with full justice we could reprehend.

ADAM

What is the ideal then, pray tell it me,
Which into such a race breathes unity,
To work together for the common good?

SAVANT.

Our one idea is, a livelihood.
When man first came to earth, ages ago,
A well filled larder he found here below,
He had but to reach out his hand, and all
Was his and was within his beckon's call,
He could afford to live in thoughtless ease,
Just as the skipper lives within the cheese;
Had time, adventurous hypotheses
To build up and therein to find the spice
Of life and poetry too, as its prize.
But we must frugal be because we fear
That to our final crumb we're coming near.
And soon our cheese devoured, what follows then?
To starve must be the lot of thoughtless men?
In just four thousand years, it is foretold
The sun will have cooled off, the earth not hold
Life animate and naught on it will grow.
Four thousand years are ours, so much we know.
We'll learn it yet, I have but little doubt
To make a sun anew and live without
The present orb. To heat with water is
Adaptable, it will inflame with ease

When made its oxygen all to release.
Our organism's secret too I trow
Soon by our patient research we shall know.
'Tis well our talk has brought this subject up,
I had almost forgot retort and cup.

LUCIFER.

Decrepit, man must be, when to create
Retorts must use. But granting that you can
At last the lifeless matter animate
With life imbue, what sort of soulless man
What monstrous, frightful thing will you have
brought
To life? What can he be? Unspoken thought,
Yearning for love, without an object e'en
To love. A love, just think, built by machine!
A being, which by nature is denied.
Opposing none, to no one is allied.
And whence shall this abnormal thing, tell me,
Receiving its individuality?
And how, of man, the character and trait
Who's born in glass retort on chemist's grate?

SAVANT.

Behold the boiling mass in the retort!
Already here and there, a certain sort
Of living objects seem to move within
The glass. Affinity, repugnant force,
I have well calculated, and of course,
Matter will yield, the victory be mine.

LUCIFER.

Savant, I can admire; but please define
That which I comprehend not. Can you tell

Me how antitheses may not repel,
Affinities attract?

SAVANT.

Unnatural
Is what you here suggest. I tell you all
Of matters, subjected to a law I see.

LUCIFER.

Upon what basis built howe'er, tell me!

SAVANT.

What basis built? It is the law! we know
What all our past experience does show.

LUCIFER.

You have the coal, and nature does the rest.

SAVANT.

But I its boundless limits here arrest,
And it from mystic darkness forth I call.

LUCIFER.

Of life I see not any sign at all.

SAVANT.

It can not fail to come. I have espied
The secrets which in our organism hide,
A hundred lives dissected.

ADAM

Corpses, dead,
And you looked for life's secrets, with life fled.
Science will drag itself with limping gait
After experience, illuminate
It, as the bard, in service of the king,

Will of his master's deeds great pæans sing,
But ne'er foretell them.

SAVANT.

Why thus jeer at me?
One spark I need, and life will come, you see.

ADAM

Oh, yes, one spark, but whence will that be won?

SAVANT.

One only step, that's all! and all is done.

ADAM

But who this only step has not yet made,
Has made no step at all. He still doth wade
In ignorance. Courtyard and portico
Are often trod. Into the sanctum though
No man has entered, who knows who e'er will?
(*During this the vapor and smoke above the retort grow denser and a thundrous noise is heard.*)

VOICE OF THE EARTH SPIRIT.

Ne'er! nobody! however great his skill,
Too great and yet too small for me's this glass.
Adam! thou knowest me; though of my class
They have not even thought.

ADAM

Proud man! You've heard
That spirit voice, and have you seen what stirred
Within that little cloud? And do you mean
To conquer it with this poor frail machine?

SAVANT.

Insanity's attack! I fear your mind
Has been upset.

(*Retort breaks, earth spirit disappears.*)

Alas! What I designed
Is broken now, I must begin anew.
Just when we with our work are almost through
And we about to reap our efforts' due,
A blind and stupid accident occurs.
And we are blocked.

LUCIFER.

In former days adverse
Fate it was called; by its destructive force
'Twas less humiliating then, of course,
To be defeated, than by accident.

(*Bell rings.*)

What by the ringing of these bells is meant,
Tell us great man?

SAVANT.

The daily work is done,
Now come the hours of rest, and one by one
Come out the men from factory and field
To hear the reprimand of those who shield,
Or plan or do some wrong, and now we too,
The women and the children give their due,
I, too, am busy there; come, both of you.

(*In long lines come the men, and in other lines the women, among these Eve with a child.*)

(*They all form a semicircle in the courtyard. A hoary man stands in the centre. Adam, Lucifer and the Savant stand to the front, near the museum.*)

OLD MAN.

Let number thirty come.

LUTHER (*Stepping from the line.*)
Here!

OLD MAN.
You again!
'Tis charged that you yourself can not restrain,
And make in spite of warnings, such a fire
Beneath the boilers, that results most dire
To our phalanster's feared.

LUTHER.
Who can withstand
The charm of this, the power to command
The fierce and sparkling, shrieking element
When it with a thousand tongues licks nourishment,
Upon devouring all and you is bent;
To bravely stand and yet the flames foment;
To fan and nurse, and know within your soul
You can subject it to your full control.
The magic charm of fire he knoweth not,
Who's seen it only neath a boiling pot.

OLD MAN.
For this you'll go to-day without your meal.

LUTHER (*Stepping back.*)
To-morrow fan it I'll with still more zeal.

ADAM
I know that man! why, his features reveal
That Luther once was he.

OLD MAN.
Two hundred and nine!

CASSIUS.

Here. (*Steps forth.*)

OLD MAN.

Now the third time you've here been sent,
Because without good cause, you strife foment.

CASSIUS.

Without good cause? Because I don't complain?
No coward I, and therefore I disdain
To yell for help while I can strike a blow
Why did he not defend himself, my foe?
(*Steps back.*)

OLD MAN.

Do not dispute! Not e'en your splendid head
From which the noblest impulses I've read,
Your deeds excuse. Your blood is hot and wild,
But they will cure you, and you will be mild.

ADAM.

Ah, Cassius, could'st thou remember me!
How at Philippi once I fought with thee!
Have beastly rule and have cold theories
Brought such a state of things that such a mind
As thine, can not due recognition find?

OLD MAN.

Number four hundred!

PLATO (*Steps forth.*)

Here, what do you want?

OLD MAN.

To my regret, complaints are made upon 't

That you again in your day dreams are lost,
Three oxen which to you we did entrust
Let go astray. That you awake, you must
On dried peas kneel.

PLATO.

But even when I kneel,
I cogitate, and happiness I feel.

(*Steps back.*)

ADAM.

Ah, Plato! what a rôle 't is thou must play
In the society thou didst essay
To regulate.

OLD MAN.

Number seventy!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Here! (*Steps forth.*)

OLD MAN.

Thy workshop's in disorder left, I hear.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I made and made naught else but feet of chairs
The plainest of the kind at that, these wares
I asked to be allowed to carve and make
More ornamental; asked leave to forsake
The iron rules, eternally the same,
To make things beautiful was my one aim
I importuned and begged, but all in vain;
Monotony made me almost insane,
I left my shop, just as it was, my brain
In a whirl.

(*Steps back.*)

OLD MAN.

This breach must punished be.

Go to your room to-day you shall not see
The glorious sun.

ADAM.

Oh! Michael Angelo!
What tempests must within thy bosom blow
When forced to dull routine, can'st not create.
I see around here friends, I know the fate
Of all, I know that what they represent
Is force and genius magnificent.
One fought with me, one died a martyr's death,
For one the limits of the world's too small,
And what my eye now here encountereth
By its eternal sameness doth appall.
All that was heretofore great and sublime
To dwarfish nothingness reduced by time.
Come Lucifer! I can't endure the sight.

OLD MAN.

Two children were brought here, so that we might
Now they their mothers' care no longer need,
And for the common good, we must proceed
To care for them, decide their future fate.
(*Eve and another woman step forth, each leading her child.*)

ADAM.

How beautiful! a sight to captivate
The most exacting eye! has e'en this state,
Cold and exacting, rays which warm the heart?
True Poetry!

LUCIFER.

Adam! shall we depart?

ADAM.

No, Sir, we shall remain.

OLD MAN.

Wise man, proceed,
From the formation of their skull to read,
To see into what groove their minds shall turn,
What specialties they shall be made to learn.
(*The Savant examines the children's heads.*)

EVE.

What is to come to me?

ADAM.

That voice!

LUCIFER.

What is
To thee, this woman, who Semiramis
Hast held in warm embrace?

ADAM.

Ah! Lucifer,
I did not know this one then; why refer
To bygone days?

LUCIFER.

This is the good old song
Of lovers e'er on earth, who all along
Will claim that they are the discoverers
Of love, and each of them, pouting, demurs,
When told that love is, since the universe
Exists, all mankind's curse.

SAVANT.

This one shall a physician be in time,
This one in pastures roam and trees shall climb.

OLD MAN.

Take them away.
(*The children are to be taken away, Eve interferes.*)

EVE.

I earnestly protest!
Who dares to tear my child thus from my breast!

OLD MAN.

Take them away! who dares to disobey?

EVE.

My darling child, I nursed thee night and day
With my heart's blood. Where is the brutal heart
Those sacred ties would rend, and dear ones part
Forever. To thee then must I say good-bye.
Lost in the crowd, thee nevermore espy?

ADAM.

If of all holy feeling not bereft,
Then with its mother let this child be left.

EVE.

Ah! yes, 'tis so, thou stranger bless'd!
Induce these men to yield to my request.

OLD MAN.

A daring game thou play'st. If we again
The prejudice of family entertain!
The structure holy science built with care
Is quickly overthrown; therefore beware!

EVE.

What do I care for what chill science says?
But sacred 's that, the mother's voice betrays.

OLD MAN.

Well, move!

ADAM.

Don't dare to touch it. I'll command
This good old sword I have here in my hand.

LUCIFER.

Dream picture animate, stand still!
(*Puts his hand on Adam, who as if by a shock, stands motionless.*)
I'll show
That with one touch thy will I overthrow.

EVE.

My child!
(*Faints.*)

OLD MAN.

No mates have those two women there;
Let those report, to have them who would care.

ADAM (*Goes to Eve.*)

This one I claim.

OLD MAN.

Wise man, what do you think?

SAVANT.

Excitable is he, and nervous she,
Their offspring but a dwarfish race would be.

ADAM.

If she desire me, from here I shall not move.

EVE.

Most noble stranger, thee alone I love.

ADAM.

I love thee with all the fervor of my heart.

EVE.

I'm thine forevermore! Naught shall us part.

SAVANT.

This is insanity! We here behold,
The ghastly spectres of the days of old,
In our enlightened age, what does it mean?

ADAM.

A ray of Eden, therein may be seen.

OLD MAN.

I pity you, poor man.

ADAM.

Don't pity me
Although my lot may be insanity,
All that's sublime, is born of insane thought
Like unto ours, which your stern modes have sought
To limit. A spirit voice doth come to us
From nobler spheres, sweetly harmonious
To prove the kinship of our souls, we see
The path to higher spheres, which makes us free.
(*Embraces Eve.*)

OLD MAN.

Let him into the hospital be cast!

LUCIFER.

A quick resolve! Adam, we'll travel fast.
(*Adam and Lucifer suddenly disappear.*)

SCENE XIII.

(*Space. In the distance a segment of our earth, constantly diminishing, until it appears as a star, mingling with the other stars. The scene begins in dusk, which gradually deepens into total darkness. Adam as an old man, with Lucifer, flying through the air.*)

ADAM.

Say, whither tends this mad and furious flight?

LUCIFER.

Did'st thou not long to rise to higher spheres,
Freed from the earthly dross, whence if aright
I understood thee, throughout all these years;
The voice of kindred souls e'er from the height
Thou heard'st?

ADAM.

'Tis true, but never did I dream.
The way, so drear, and with such gloom would teem.
How barren is this place, how strange, how dread,
As if some profanation here might tread.
Within my soul two sentiments obtain,
I feel that all the earth is void, and vain,
Her narrow sphere. My soul oppressed, doth yearn
To flee, but tearful now, longs to return.
Ah! Lucifer, look back upon our sphere.
Dost see, how first the flowers disappear,
How vanish then the forests' swaying crowns?
And now, the well known villages and towns,
Transformed into those characterless spots,
Then fade and vanish quite. To tiny blots
Are shrunk the mighty cliffs we viewed before;

The clouds, surcharged with light'ning from which
roar
Those thund'rous voices, which affright all men,
Who in their fear seek shelter in their den;
But in which voices they presume to hear
A supernatural call, see! from this sphere
But a mean cloud of vapor seems to be.
Behold! where is the boundless mighty sea?
A thread it seemeth, tenuous and gray,
On that far globe down there which rolls away
Amidst its million sister stars. Ah! see,
That tiny star! 'Twas heretofore for me.
Oh! Lucifer! therein must she remain?

LUCIFER.

From our exalted standpoint, this is vain,
When from this height, we look on things below,
As first the charming details lose their glow,
Their force and grandeur fade, through vision's trick,
And what remains, is cold arithmetic.

ADAM.

We've left the stars behind us, there in space,
I see no goal; no obstacles I trace.
Ah! Lucifer, I'm cold. What is all life
Without the bliss of loving and of strife?

LUCIFER.

Well, if thy heroism's at an end,
Let us return our days in dust to spend.

ADAM.

What dost thou say? Let's boldly forward go.
I have no fear. I'll feel the earthly woe
Until forever broken are the ties

Which o'er our earthly being exercise
Their influence. But ah! What can this be?
I can not breathe—my strength is leaving me
My senses all bewildered. Is it more
Than fable, told of Anthaeus of yore,
Who but in contact with the dust could live?

VOICE OF THE EARTH SPIRIT.

'Twas more than fable told, thou can'st believe,
I need not tell my name; thou knowest me,
The spirit of the Earth; the boundary
To all my power is this. Return, I say,
And thou wilt live; proceed, and thou must pay
An awful penalty. Thou wilt be lost.
Thou'rt like the infusoria, when tossed
Within a drop of water, and to thee,
The earth is this one drop.

ADAM.

To frighten me,
Thou seek'st in vain; my body may be thine,
The soul within me though, is mine, and mine
Alone! No bounds are set for truth and thought,
For they existed e'en before was brought
Thy world of matter into life.

VOICE OF THE EARTH SPIRIT.

Vain man!
A punishment most dire will meet thy plan!
Was fragrance of the rose before the rose?
Does form exist before the body grows?
And light before the sun? Oh! could'st behold
Thy lone soul whirl through boundless space, as cold
It seeks with might, and ever seeks in vain
Amid its strange surroundings, to retain

Perception, and the power thought t' express,
But dazed exerts itself without success.
Thoud'st shudder with affright, for all sensations,
All perceptions, are but emanations
Of this material mass thou callest earth;
Without earth, thou and I had never birth.
What in thy narrow home prevails, the fair,
The beautiful, infernal woe and care,
Is from my spirit drawn. What truth is, here,
Were imagined in another sphere;
What's here impossible, were nature there;
And thought may be, which here is only air.
There where exist nor gravity, nor weight,
Nor motion line in substance animate,
That which to us is light, may there be sound
And crystal, that which here as germ is found.

ADAM.

Think not that me thou so canst terrify;
For upward still, my soul doth long to fly.

LUCIFER.

Adam! Adam! Now at last is near,
Thy fate's decisive moment. A career
Of greatness will be thine, if thou to earth
Return'st; but if from out the cosmic girth
Dost wrest thyself, God ne'er will tolerate
Thee in his sight, but thee annihilate.

ADAM.

Does not decay come too with death?

EARTH SPIRIT.

Repeat
Not in this sphere, where spirits have their seat,

The vain and mocking word of the ancient lie,
For all creation it doth terrify.
A sacred seal it is, and the Lord's own,
Which in his wisdom, can by him alone
Be broken; not by him, who of the tree
Of knowledge ate.

ADAM.

I'll break it though.
(*Adam and Lucifer fly on. Adam suddenly screams.*)
Ah, me!

LUCIFER (*Laughing.*)

The ancient lie has triumphed.
(*Pushes Adam aside.*)
In the void
This puppet now, as a new asteroid,
May whirl, whereon new life may grow, for me.

VOICE OF THE EARTH SPIRIT.

No, Lucifer, too soon thou show'st thy glee.
One can't break through my realm, with such great ease.
He only touched the strange world's boundaries
(*To Adam.*)
My son, the voice of home is calling thee.

ADAM (*Recovering consciousness.*)

I live again! In suffering though I be,
But ah! the pain itself is sweet. To lie
Annihilated, crushed in heart and brain
Is awful! Lucifer, oh, let us fly
Toward home. Give me again my earthly reign,
There, where many a strife I've fought in vain.
I'll strive again.

LUCIFER.

And thou dost still believe.
That thou at last, shalt victory achieve?
And reach the goal? This soul so credulous
To man alone is homogeneous.

ADAM.

No such deceptive dream allureth me;
I know a hundred times I'll baffled be,
I do not care. What, after all 's the end?
The end—when glory's o'er—I apprehend,
The end, is death, and life is constant strife;
The aim of man, to struggle throughout life.

LUCIFER.

A solace fine is this. If only high
Were the ideals which inspire our fight,
That for which yesterday, we wished to die,
To-day, but scorn or ridicule invites.
At Charonea thou for freedom fought'st,
Yet, later on, with Constantine thou sought'st
To make him master of the world. Did'st thou
Not then, with a martyr's crown upon thy brow,
Die for the faith and then with arms, once more,
Not seek to controvert, with science lore
The dicta of the church?

ADAM.

'Tis but the same.
I had ideals then, with which there came
To me enthusiasm which therefore
Were grand, sublime, and which then onward bore
My soul. Though science or the cross, it be,
Ambition, or the call of liberty,

It elevates; mankind has gained thereby,
And fight anew—then let us homeward fly.

LUCIFER.

Dost not remember what the savant said,
That in four thousand years the world were dead,
All strife and battle ceased?

ADAM.

Yes, unless man
Nature subdue. I feel, yea, know, he can
Do that in time.

LUCIFER.

Suppose thou'rt right? Will there
Be strife and force, and might be found
Within a world where theories prevail?

ADAM.

But let the earth be saved, and without fail;
That too, like all things else, its mission fill'd,
Will pass away, but mind and heart, not chill'd,
Again will for some new ideal glow!
But take me back! for now I fain would know
For what new principles again I'll burn,
There in that world redeemed.

LUCIFER.

Let us return!

SCENE XIV.

(*A mountainous and treeless region, covered with snow and ice. The sun, like a red, rayless ball, is seen through a mist. Twilight. In the foreground, an Esquimo hut, surrounded by a few dwarfed birches, junipers and bushes of blackthorn. Adam, as a superannuated man, with a staff, is seen, with Lucifer, descending the mountains.*)

ADAM.

Wherefore roam we amid this world of snow,
Where death, all hollow eyed, where'er we go,
Meets us, and only here and there a seal
Doth stir, and at approaching steps doth feel
Affright, and throws itself into the sea?
All nature seemeth dead; no grass, no tree,
But dwarf'd boughs, and there the moon gleams red
Behind the mist, like a death-lamp in the dread
And dismal crypts. Lead hence, where the green palm grows,
Where the sun shines bright, the fair home of the rose.
There where man's soul, in consciousness of strength
Has fought, and conquered over all, at length.

LUCIFER.

But we are there. This blood red ball's thy sun;
Th' equator here beneath our feet doth run,
For science has not won the victory.

ADAM.

Grim world! Where only death a good can be,
To part gives me no pain, who long ago,

At mankind's cradle stood, and saw him grow,
And fought with him, for justice, truth and light
And with him, hoped for days of future bright,
Who while this mighty grave yard now I view,
O'er which doth rest, the pall's funereal hue,
By nature spread; I, who was once the first,
Now, last man on the earth; ah, me! I thirst
To know, how did my race fall? Did it die,
In glorious strife, with victory's proud cry
Upon its lips, or slowly did decay,
From sire to son, grow weaker with each day,
Unworthy of a tear?

LUCIFER.

I see that vain
Art thou of that soul of thine, as thou dost call
The force which makes the blood flow in the brain
Of youth, with mighty thoughts it to enthrall,
But do not ask to stand at thine own bier;
This hour will make it wonderfully clear
To thee, the reckonings of life unpaid,
Bright pictures by life's fevers drawn, must fade
And vanish, in death's agonizing throes;
And what was life, but just a dream, who knows?
The feeble cry of this last woe of life
Is but a jeer at all our earthly strife.

ADAM.

Why then, was I not lost on yonder height,
Full conscious of my soul and strength? I might
Have spared myself all this, to hear my own
Funeral oration, in this mocking tone,
Delivered by a spirit, who to me
Has never shown one jot of sympathy,
Who for my valiant deeds, e'en does not care,
And who with me, my death e'en does not share.

LUCIFER.

I recognize thy genus by the tear
Thou shed'st; fantastic hankering for clear
Conceptions. Never fear; thy race must be
Still in existence. Look, and thou wilt see
A dwelling of mankind, and from his lair
Comes now the master, thy proud race's heir.
(*An Esquimo, armed for a seal hunt, comes out of the hut.*)

ADAM.

And in this caricature a man—my kin—
The heir of all the greatness I did win?
Why, Lucifer, did'st let me see, and know?
The solace is more bitter than the woe.

THE ESQUIMO.

Are gods above us still? Here I see two
Strange gods approaching me. I wish I knew
If their intent might good, or evil be;
But safest 'tis from them to quickly flee.
(*Starts to Retire.*)

LUCIFER.

Stop man! one word!

ESQUIMO (*Falling to his knees.*)
Pity, my gracious Lord!
The first seal I can slay, I give my word,
I'll sacrifice to thee, but hear my prayer;
My life, O gracious sire, do thou but spare!

LUCIFER.

And to that seal, what right hast thou, tell me
That with its life, thine own thou dost redeem?

ESQUIMO.

The right of force. Do I not always see
The insect snatched by fishes in the stream?
The seal devours the fish, the seal I slay.

LUCIFER.

And thou of the Great Spirit wilt be prey.

ESQUIMO.

I know, I know, but this brief span of time
He grants me in his mercy so sublime,
I purchase with a bloody sacrifice.

ADAM.

What cowardly views!

LUCIFER.

And did'st thou otherwise?
He sacrifices seals, while thou kill'dst men,
In honor of that God thy fancy wrought,
Just as his fancy, his own God has sought,
Why wilt thou be so proud and haughty, then?

ESQUIMO.

I see thou'rt wrathful, and the reason I
Can feel, because in woe, I dared to sigh
To him, the great and good sungod, who e'er
Spends his benevolence, and doth not care
To take, yet always gives; tradition says,
He here did rule supreme, in ancient days.
Forgive, and him I'll curse for aye.

ADAM.

With shame

Oh! God! look down on man, whom in thy name,
In thine own image mad'st.

ESQUIMO.

Thy friend I see
Is very angry; may he hungry be?

LUCIFER.

He would not be so wrathful if he were.

ADAM.

Bad, ill timed jokes thou mak'st, I must aver.

LUCIFER.

No joke; the truth was that to him I said,
Thy logic's that but of the man well fed,
While this man with his empty stomach thinks;
From reason and philosophy he shrinks.
You can't convince each other; you'll agree
However, quick enough; as soon as he
A good meal has, and thou hast hungry grown,
Thou may'st idealize; what best is known
In man's the brute, and when his craving's stilled,
He is with proud selfconsciousness well filled,
And dareth to despise the elements
Which make him what he is.

ADAM.

Thy compliments
Are worthy of thyself. Do I not know
That all that's sacred thou drag'st into low,
Vile dross, maliciously, and that to thee
All that is good and great, is but the steam
Escaping from the boiling pot of life,
Or but a circumstance to be, doth seem;

Which must obtain in this our daily strife,
As matter subject to some law supreme?

LUCIFER.

And dost thou truly think 'tis otherwise?
Dost think that at Thermopylæ the prize
Of valor had Leonidas achieved,
If elsewhere than in Sparta he had lived?
In Sparta where they had no money e'en
And on plain brown soup fed? And dost thou mean
That had he known of the Lucullean feast,
And all the lustful pleasures of the east,
He'd now immortal be? Had Brutus died,
If to fair Portia's chambers he had hied
To rest from his encounters, and to dine?
To vice and virtue grow. Shall I assign
The cause thereof? One's bred in foulest air
And misery; the other one, how e'er,
In warmth and light, created by the sun,
And love of freedom, which from sire to son,
Is left as an inheritance, and which,
Selfsame in form and substance, did enrich
The human race. How many men have said,
"I'm done with life!" and barren of all hope,
Committed suicide, with a stout rope!
Were they howe'er, cut down in time and saved,
They had forgotten how death they had craved.
And were e'en glad to live. Let us suppose,
That Hunyadi the great, came not of those
Brave Magyars, but had been born as a slave,
Of Moorish parentage, what would have been
His place in life, in whom the world has seen
The greatest hero Christendom hath known?
If Luther had been to the papal throne
Elected, and had Leo chanced to be

Head of a German university,
The former would perhaps then have sent out
Encyclicals, while Leo, in his doubt,
Protested and reformed. And if a land
Had not with its life blood helped the wars, planned
By a Napoleon, would he be known?
His share were ignominy, not a throne.

ADAM (*Interrupting.*)

No more! All that thou say'st seems plain and clear,
And true, yet all the more, thy views I fear,
For superstition blinds the imbecile.
Who still the soul within him does not feel,
Which 'mong us moves, in whomsoe'er it be,
In good, admits affinity to see,
If thy cold numbers did not ruthless kill
All nobler aims and purest thoughts.

LUCIFER.

But still,
List to thy fellowman, for he can give
To thee, some lessons in self knowledge.

ADAM.

Live
Still, many of you here?

ESQUIMO.

Yes, many more
Than on my fingers I can count. The gore
Of some I've spilled, and all would I have slain,
But others ceaseless come, 'tis all in vain.
Oh, please, if thou art God, grant my request;
Let not so many men our land infest,

And send into the world more of the seal,
And fewer men; for this, I make appeal.

ADAM.

Let's go, Oh, Lucifer! Enough for me,
It is.

LUCIFER.

But let us wait his wife to see.

ADAM.

No! We despise the man, when he sinks low;
But if the woman thus her downfall show,
Who once embodied poesy hath been,
Our fair ideal, so depressed and mean
Laving in slough, it would revolting be,
To view the caricature. Then go, save me!
(*Meanwhile Lucifer, having drawn Adam to the hut, pushes open the door, through which Eve, the Esquimo's wife, is seen.*)

LUCIFER.

Dost recognize, or hast forgotten her?
Embrace her quickly, or thou wilt incur
This honest man's displeasure, who indeed,
Would grieve, did'st thou not grant his spouse her meed.

ADAM.

Embrace her, I, who Aspasia held
Within these arms? Shall I then, be compelled
This creature to embrace; in whom I see
Her features? but while kissing, she to me
Would seem a loathsome beast.

ESQUIMO.

My wife, a guest
Has just arrived, receive him kindly.

EVE.

Rest.
And be thou welcome, stranger!
(*Embracing him.*)

ADAM (*Extricating himself.*)

Help! from here
Let's flee, Oh! Lucifer! My future sphere
Let me no longer view, my dreadful fate,
The useless strife, now, I would meditate
On this, If I can e'er defy God more?

LUCIFER.

Awake then, Adam! Now thy dream is o'er.

SCENE XV.

(*The scene is changed into the palm region of the third scene. Adam, again as a young man, comes out of the hut, half asleep, looking about him with amazement. Eve slumbers within. Lucifer stands in the middle. Bright sunshine.*)

ADAM.

Dread images, Oh! whither are ye fled?
While all still breathes and smiles, my heart is dead.

LUCIFER.

The laws of nature thou'dst annihilate,
That comets new, thy life illuminate,
Thou in thy vanity thy due dost deem.

ADAM.

Ah! was I dreaming, or is this a dream?
Or is life but a dream. When it doth light
On lifeless matter, to be lost in night
With it? Wherefore this fleeting consciousness.
Which but reveals the awful nothingness?

LUCIFER.

Dost thou repine? 'Tis but a cowardly weakness
Without a strife, to take a blow with meekness;
But for the strong, thus calmly to await,
Unmurmuring, the mandates of a fate
Eternal, proves that circumstances vain
Must be, for o'er them, fate's grim mandates reign,
And thou'rt the medium which draws them forth.

ADAM.

No, no! thou liest. The will is free. My worth
Hath surely earned it, for my Paradise,
My all, for this did I e'en sacrifice,
Much have I learned from scenes I viewed in dreams,
And much to me now but illusion seems,
But 'tis for me, a different path to ope!

LUCIFER.

If e'er oblivion and constant hope
Were not confederates of fate, each wound
To heal, and veil the chasm's depths profound,
Assuring thee, "a hundred bold ones fall
Therein, but thou more fortunate than all,
Shalt o'er it leap!" But thou hast surely seen,
As scientist, 'mongst curious things, I ween,
The ascaris, in hawk and cat can live;
But in the mouse alone, it doth receive

Its first development; but who can say
A certain mouse is doomed to be the prey
Of cat or hawk, and whosoe'er be sly,
May live to a great age, and hoary, die
In his domestic circle. Still doth wait
In spite of all, invincible as fate,
A law, which none of them can e'er resist,
And many fall, that always may exist
In future ages, the Mollusca. Man
Is not as individual bound, nor can
The chain be borne together, by the throng;
By inspiration, is he borne along
For new ideals. Martyrs at the stake
There'll be, and scoffers, but who the calculation
Makes, must e'er admire the compensation
Of fate, which all so well apportioneth;
Sin and virtue; faith, marriage and death;
Madness and suicide.

ADAM.

Hold! what thought
Like light'ning, rushes through my brain distraught?
E'en thee, O God, can I defy, although
A hundred times fate says, "thus long," I know
I need not live, against my will; for down
Below the abyss; above, the cliff doth frown.
One spring—the last scene—and the play doth end.
(*Adam rushes up the cliff. Eve appears at the door.*)

LUCIFER.

Doth end—indeed! Naught doth such speech portend.
Is not each moment, end, beginning too?
For this, did'st thou not several ages view?

EVE.

Adam, why did'st thou steal away from me?
So cold was thy last kiss; anger and care
Sit on thy brow, and I have fear of thee.

ADAM (*Going on.*)

To dog my footstep, how can'st thou thus dare?
This can the woman never comprehend;
The lord of earth his time can not e'er spend
In vain coquetry, and a burden she
(*More tenderly.*)
Becomes. Why did'st not slumber peacefully.
A little while? for harder 't will be now,
The sacrifice I to the future owe.

EVE.

But list and it may better be endured
That which till now was doubtful, is assured—
The future.

ADAM.

How?

EVE.

Thou'lt smile when I avow
My secret; this—come nearer Adam—now,
Into thine ear I'll whisper but one word;
I feel I am a mother.

ADAM (*Falling on his knees.*)

Oh! my Lord,
Thou'st vanquished me. Here in the dust I lie;
Without thee, 'gainst thee, vainly strive must I,
Raise me, or strike to earth! I bare my breast
To thee.

LUCIFER.

Thou worm! All, I at thy behest
Have done, thy greatness, all forgotten?

ADAM.

Cease!
'T was a distorted vision; this is peace.

LUCIFER.

Why, foolish woman dost thou boast? To earth,
But misery and sin, will bring the birth
Of him, who was conceived in Eden, 'though
Conceived in sin.

EVE.

And if, God will, we know,
One there will be, conceived in misery,
And sin extirpate, and fraternity
Will bring into the world.

LUCIFER.

Dost thou revolt?
Slave, beast! Rise from the earth, thou dolt!
(*He strikes Adam. Heaven opens. The Lord appears in a halo, surounded by angels.*)

THE LORD.

Spirit, down into dust! Greatness 'fore me
Can not exist.

LUCIFER (*Crouching.*)

My curses upon thee!

THE LORD.

Rise, Adam! preserve thy soul serene.
Once more thou'rt in my care.

LUCIFER.

The family scene!
To sentiment, perhaps, most beautiful,
To understanding, infinitely dull.
And wearisome. 'Tis best to steal away.
(*Starts.*)

THE LORD.

Lucifer, a word I have to say
To thee. Remain! My son, tell me thy grief.

ADAM.

My Lord, such frightful scenes have tortured me;
And I know not what is reality.
Oh! tell me, tell what is my destiny!
Is there naught else but this existence here,
So limited and narrow? And my soul,
Will it 'mid all the strife then be distilled,
Like purest wine, that poured upon the ground,
To sink into the dust? Or dost ordain
For noble spirits, better things? My race
Will it approach thy throne, or like the beast
But tread the mill, till wearied unto death
From its own sphere, escaping never more?
And will the noble soul be recompensed
For the shed blood and scoffing of the mob?
Enlighten me, and gratefully my fate,
Whate'er it be, I will endure, if only
I may progress, for this uncertainty
Is hell.

THE LORD.

Ask not again, the secret, veiled
Beneficently from thy longing eyes,
By the wise hand of God. But could'st thou know
That momentarily on earth, thy soul

Did rest while waits eternity above,
No virtue 'twere to suffer longer here.
If thou did'st know thy soul would be absorbed
In dust, for grand ideas, what incentive
To sacrifice the moment's fleeting bliss?
While now, the future gleameth through a mist,
So heavy laden with the cares and woes
Of this transitory life, the sense
Of an infinitude doth wake; if this
Engender pride, mortality restricts it;
Both greatness then and virtue, are assured.

LUCIFER (*Laughing.*)

In truth, whate'er career thou enterest,
Is glorious! So greatness then and virtue
Thee will guide. These terms can be embodied
Alone, where prejudice and superstition
With ignorance united, hold their sway.
Why have I striven so long with man, of mire
And sunshine molded? He is too dwarfed for wisdom,
Yet too great for blindness.

ADAM.

Scoff, oh! scoff not,
Lucifer! I've seen the pure creation
Of thy mind, but cold upon my soul,
The sight did fall; but Lord, who will uphold
If on the right path I remain? From me
Thou did'st withdraw thy guiding hand, that I
Might of the tree of knowledge eat.

THE LORD.

Thine arm
Is strong, thy soul exalted; infinite
The scope which e'er to action doth invite;

And if thou heedest well, a voice will call
To thee unceasingly, to lure thee back
And raise thee up; but follow e'er the call.
If in the turbulence of active life
The heavenly voice be stilled, the purer soul
Of this frail woman e'er will hear it, far
Away, from the mire of earthly interest,
And in her heart, to song and poesy
'Twill be distilled. Thus, at thy side, sits e'er
In happiness and in misfortune's hour,
A smiling and consoling genius.
And thou too Lucifer, thou art a link
In my great cosmos; so pursue thy work,
For thy cold wisdom and absurd negation
Will be the leaven that causes fermentation;
Though in man, an instant doubt creating,
What matters it, he will return again;
But thine own sin, eternal being, that
Which thou would'st fain destroy, will be the germ
Of beauty and nobility to come.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

What a mighty thought!
We're free, 'twixt good and ill
To choose, while over us,
God's mercy waiteth still.
Act boldly, fearing not
The herd's ingratitude;
For this is not thine aim
But action, great and good.
For else thou must feel shame,
And vanity, to earth,
This consciousness doth hurl,
Ennobling, glorious worth.
But on the lofty way

Let thee not blind the sight,
The thought, that thou could'st add
One atom to God's might,
He only speaks to thee,
As means toward thy fate
Fulfilling. Honor comes
From him, for him doth wait.

EVE.

Ah! now I comprehend the lay; to God
Be praise!

ADAM.

I feel it too, and follow it.
But oh! my destiny—could I forget!

THE LORD.

I've told thee, man, strive and trust!

THE END.

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